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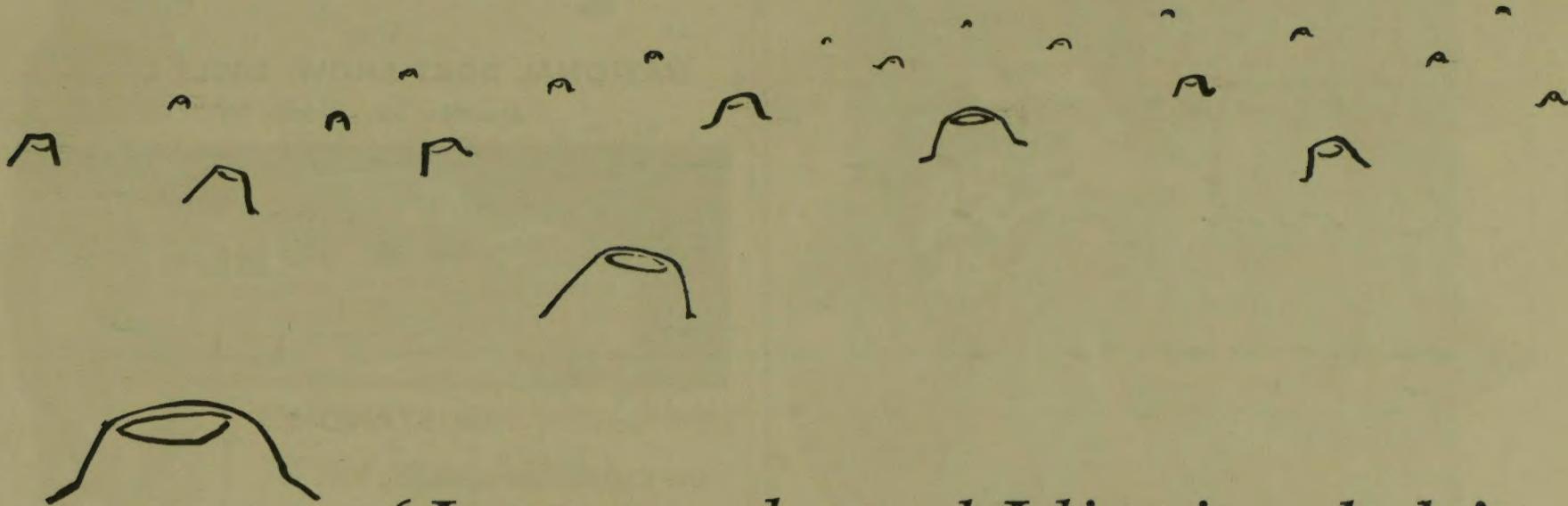


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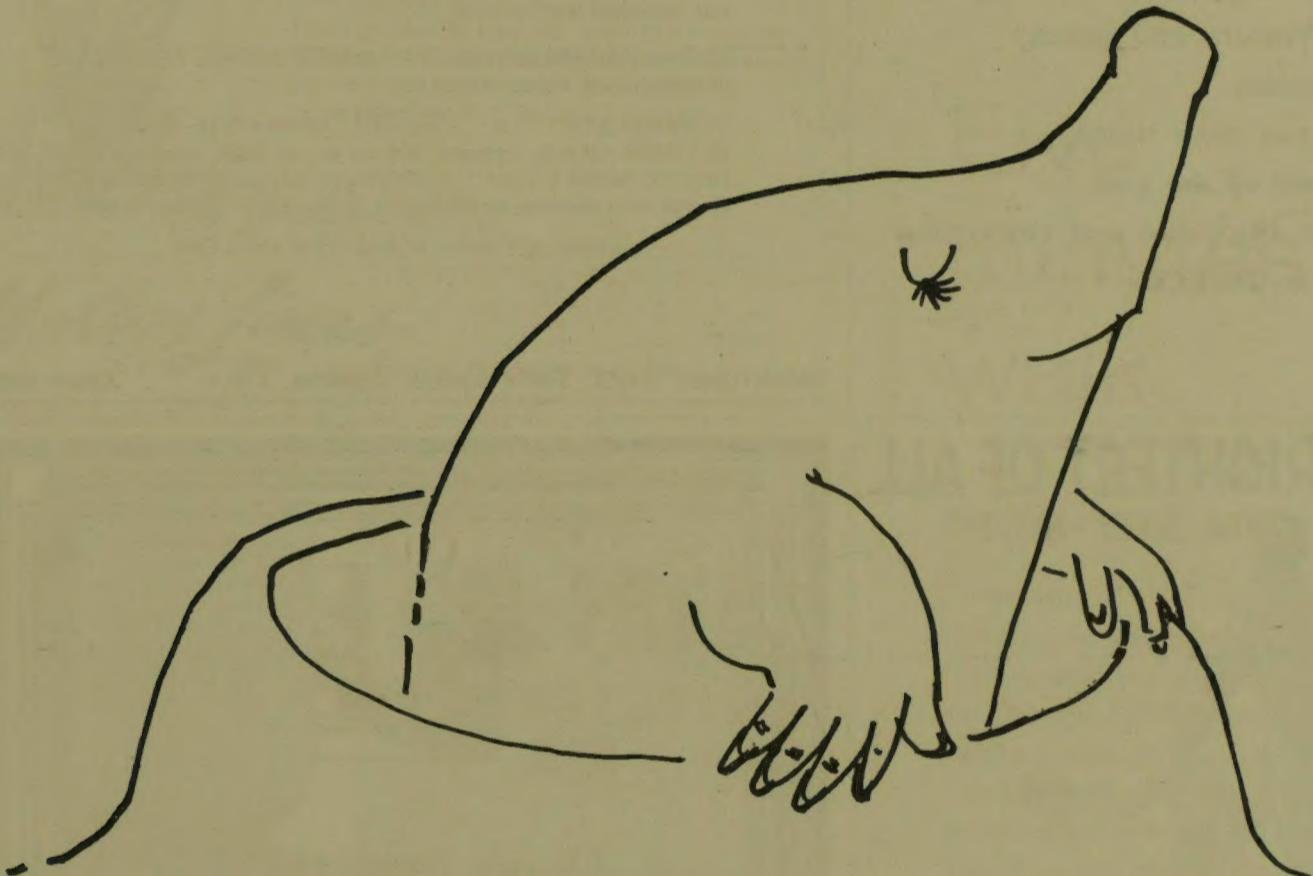
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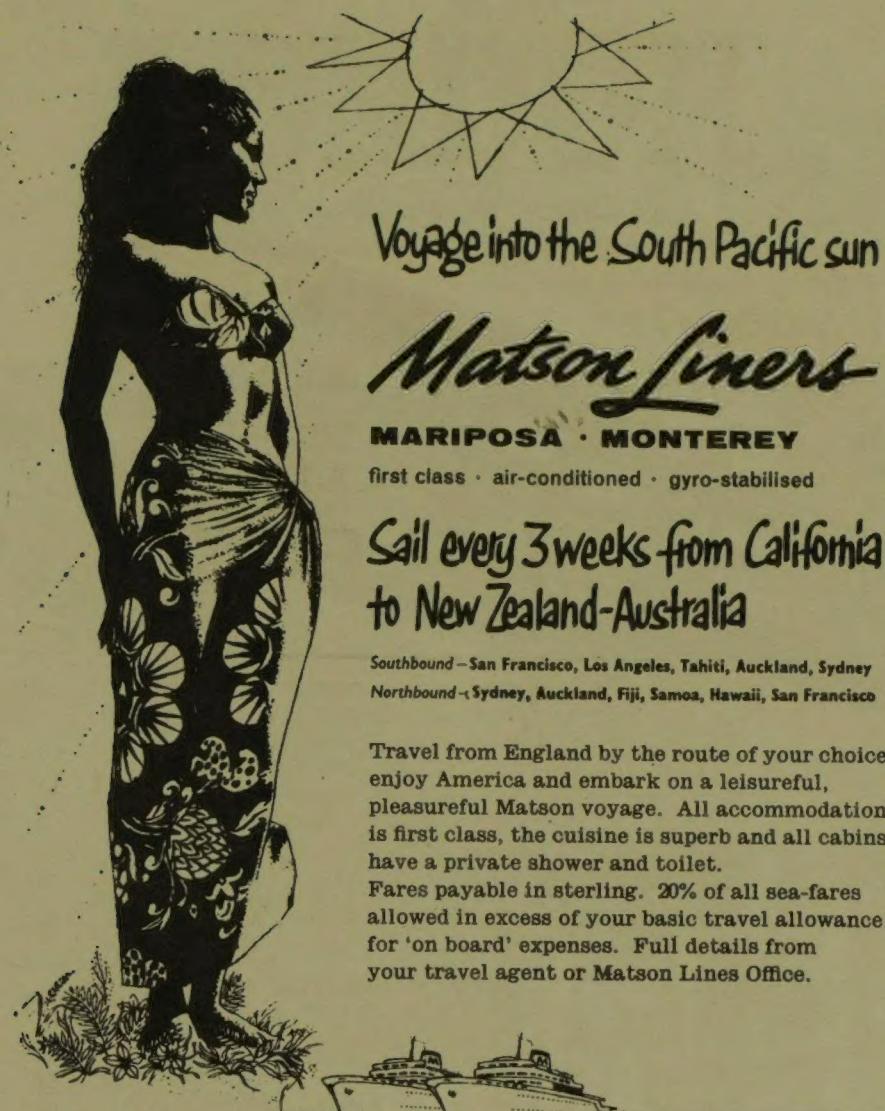
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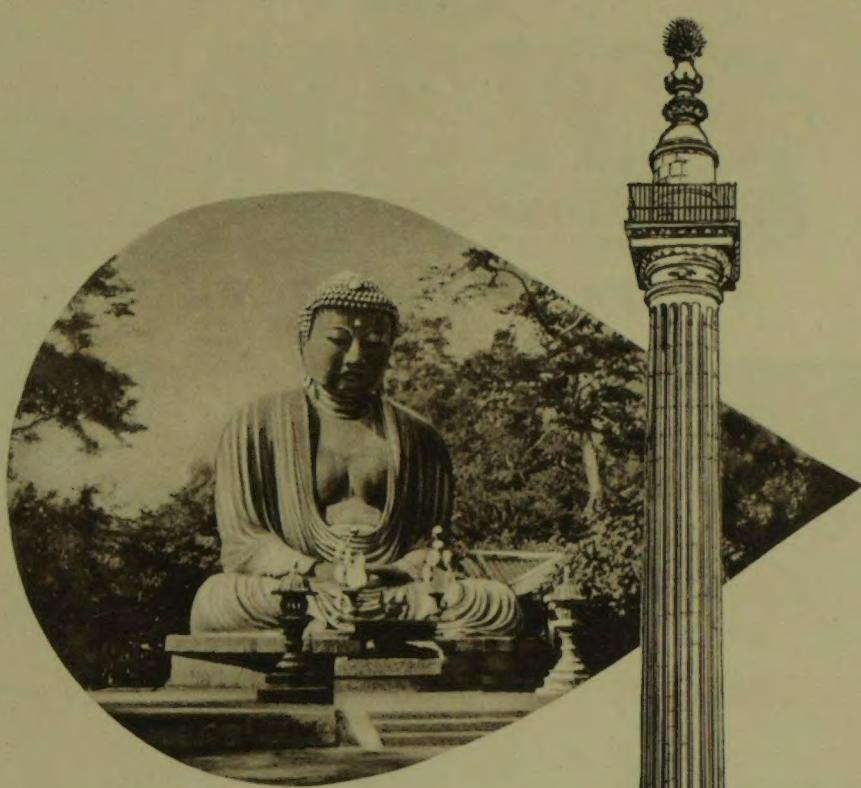
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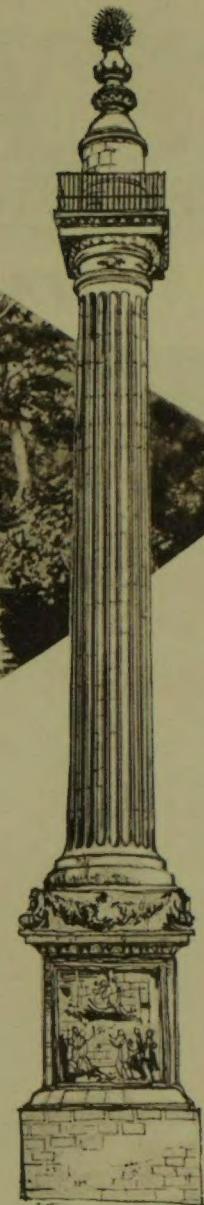
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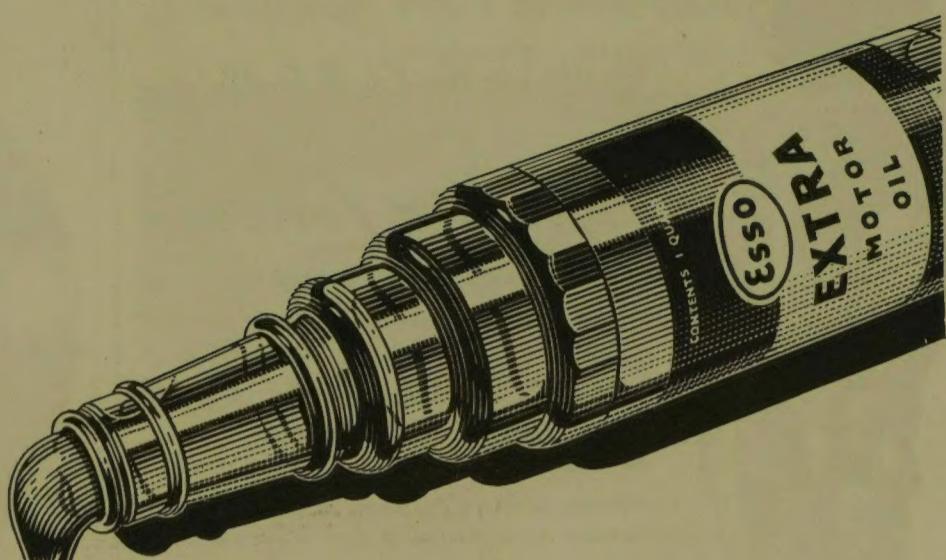
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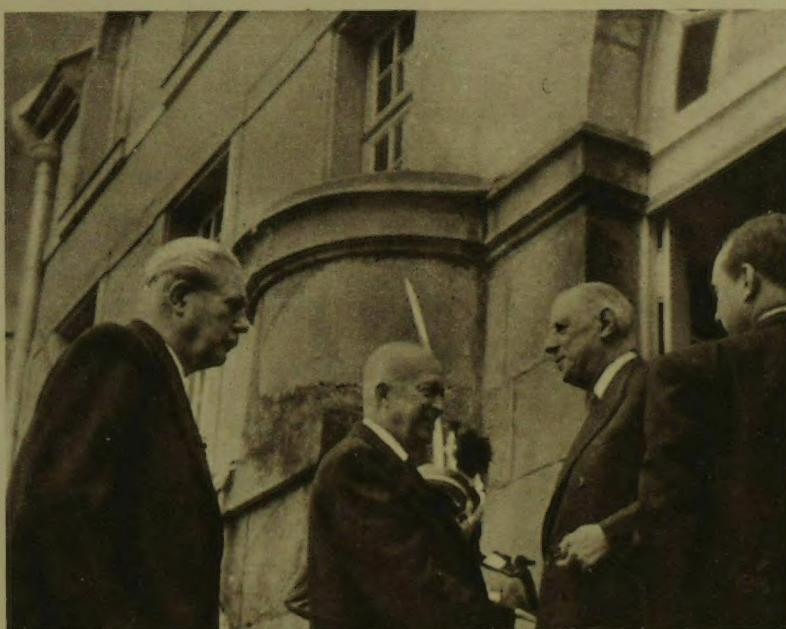
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1959.



(LEFT TO RIGHT, CLOCKWISE) MR. MACMILLAN, PRESIDENT DE GAULLE, DR. ADENAUER AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

THE OPENING MEETING OF THE WESTERN SUMMIT CONFERENCE AT THE ELYSEE PALACE ON DECEMBER 19.

THE Western Summit Conference met for the first time on the morning of December 19, when President Eisenhower, Mr. Macmillan, President de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer gathered with only their interpreters in the Elysée Palace for two-and-a-quarter hours; and there was an afternoon session of 70 minutes. Between these sessions President Eisenhower and President de Gaulle talked alone on two crucial problems—Algeria and the military organisation of N.A.T.O. All four heads of State and their Foreign Ministers lunched at the Elysée Palace. On the Sunday there were several private meetings and in the afternoon the four leaders were joined by [Continued opposite.]



MEETING ON SUNDAY AT RAMBOUILLET: (L. TO R.) MR. MACMILLAN, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, PRESIDENT DE GAULLE AND M. DEBRE.

[Continued.] their Foreign Ministers; and they agreed on the text of the Notes and the official statement prepared for them. Monday, December 21, was the day appointed for approving the statement to be issued. On December 20, however, an invitation was on its way to Mr. Khrushchev inviting him to a series of Summit conferences. The Western Powers suggested a first meeting towards the end of April to be held in Paris, with an agenda drafted in broad terms. They agreed on the text of similar Notes to the Soviet Government and they agreed on instructions to be sent to the British, French and American Ambassadors in Moscow. These Ambassadors were to make clear that the agenda for this proposed meeting and for those which were to follow, in Moscow, London and Washington, should embrace disarmament, Germany and the problem of Berlin, and general East-West relations. It was understood that this last item should also include economic aid to the under-developed countries and non-interference, by propaganda or the supply of arms, in the affairs of other countries.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MY Christmases run to three-score years plus, so I can recall a good many. The first I remember is of waking, with a feeling of intense excitement and anticipation to see by the embers of the nursery fire the silhouette of my stocking—or rather what I suspect must have been an enormous woollen golfing stocking of my father's—hanging at the foot of the bed stuffed with peculiar and exciting shapes. That must have been about the turn of the century or just after, and it was a Victorian rather than an Edwardian Christmas Day that followed both then and for all my early Christmases. As in almost every Victorian home, the Bible story lay at the heart of it; a sense of thrill that was not so much on account of presents and rich fare anticipated, though these certainly entered into the excitement of the day, but because, worldly and greedy little boy though I was or was soon to become, I genuinely felt that I was a humble participant in a tremendous occurrence and that through some mysterious means, I was being privileged to share in the re-enactment of the supreme event of history, to hear the angel choir on the midnight air and see the Orient kings and shepherds kneeling beside the crib. Deep down, for all the revolution in contemporary thought and feeling and the present-day commercialisation of Christmas that the years have brought in their train, for me Christmas still has this 19th-century connotation and its greatest moment is always on the afternoon of Christmas Eve when I listen to the carols broadcast from King's College Chapel. I am grateful to that early background of faith and those who created it for me; and when on Christmas Eve the streets begin to clear of traffic and quiet descends on London, I can almost hear the silence of that firelit London room of more than half a century ago, the jingling and clop-clop of a distant hansom, the ticking of the big wooden clock on the mantelpiece with its brass face faintly reflecting the embers in the grate below, the sound of my nurse's breathing on the other side of the room, and, for me, a sense of listening and waiting for something that I certainly could not have explained then and still less can explain now, but which Christian children for countless generations before had awaited and experienced and that the 17th-century poet-parson of Wiltshire Bemerton, George Herbert, put into words:

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

As I grew a little older, as must have been the experience of many other children born in the closing years of the 19th century, Christmas Day always started for me and my younger brother with a ritual of carol-singing outside my parents' bedroom. It must have been a somewhat weasel-like sound that we emitted as we stood there in our pyjamas chanting the story of Good King Wenceslas's midnight pilgrimage to the poor man's dwelling by St. Agnes Fountain or telling, in very questionable harmony, how

by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far.

An hour or so later, when, after we had opened our presents, we set out for church through the trafficless London streets, the sense of Christmas and its reality was heightened for us by the special greeting, with its large round silver monetary

accompaniment, that my father, who had never himself been over-abundantly blessed with this world's goods, bestowed—with a heartiness quite alien to his rather serious and very unassuming nature—on the crossing-sweeper who used to stand at the corner of Grosvenor Place, in distressingly ragged attire, which, looking back, I daresay was largely dictated by his profession, which, on such a beat, must have been fairly lucrative. I always had a secret hope, as an hour-and-a-half later we returned from our devotions with the strains of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" resounding in our ears, that we would invite him to accompany us back to our warm home and partake of our luncheon. However, this never happened and, as this meal was invariably both cold and

will ever give me. On the contrary, it is now, and long has been, very properly, my turn to give to others, and, though it is more blessed to give than to receive, I am afraid, human nature being what it is, it is nothing like as exciting! But in one respect Christmas is both the same and different. It has been for me, as for everyone, an occasion on which old, familiar friends recur, one might almost say special Christmas friends; only—as life changes and the years pass—they tend to be different friends. In my case these old and dear familiars have always appeared at Christmas dinner. When I was a boy, for many Christmases in succession it was an old friend of the family who, though no relation in reality, my brother and I called "Uncle Walter" and without whom

no Christmas dinner would have seemed complete. He was a son of the Victorian artist who painted "Derby Day," and I was always given to understand that he was the original of the little juggler's boy who appears in the foreground of that vast canvas. My brother and I adored him, for he was a great maker of Christmas jokes and kept us almost continually laughing, so that on more than one occasion I disgraced myself by choking over the plum pudding. I think it must have been the manner of his making them rather than the jokes themselves that so delighted us; the only one I can now recall is that he christened clergymen—of whom my brother, who is now one himself, stood in the greatest and most solemn awe—"turkeys." To this day when some eminent prelate makes some particularly resounding and Press-worthy pronouncement, I think to myself "What a splendid gobble!"

"Uncle Walter" has long been gathered to his fathers, but I never sit down to my Christmas dinner without recalling him with affection. As the Dorset poet, William Barnes, with his genius for putting the deepest feelings of the human heart into words of the utmost simplicity, put it:

Come down to-morrow night; an' mind,
Don't leave thy fiddle-bag behind;
We'll shake a lag, an' drink a cup
O' eale, to keep wold Chris'mas up . . .

An' ev'ry woone shall tell his teale,
An' ev'ry woone shall zing his zong,
An' ev'ry woone wull drink his eale
To love an' frien'ship all night long.

That—and what remains even to the loneliest when the last friend has gone and the grave or estrangement have taken all

human loves and comforts and left only an empty hearthside and a solitary table. For the meaning of Christmas is redemption; redemption from the inexorable tragedy and extinction of all hope and happiness that time has in store for every one of us but—whether we believe it happened or not—for one miraculous event. All the things we account of value and all the things we strive for—our fortunes and personal triumphs, our Summit conferences, our childish laws and regulations to order our own and other people's ways are, in the final reckoning, waste and futility. We cultivate the will to succeed in order, inevitably, to fail; the will to power in order to blunder; the will to possess in order to lose; the will to enjoy in order to be sated. All our paths lead to death; all our acquisitions end in dust and moth; all our pride and beauty in the grave. There is no answer to the human conundrum; there never has been, there never will be, unless what happened at Bethlehem 2000 years ago is true.



MR. C. D. BUCHANAN, A MINISTRY INSPECTOR, WHO IS DIRECTING THE PUBLIC INQUIRY INTO THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDING ON THE NORTH SIDE OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

The public inquiry into the proposed development of the north side of Piccadilly Circus opened at County Hall on December 16. On the inquiry's first day Sir Howard Robertson, past president of the Architectural Association and the Royal Institute of British Architects, described the proposal as "The Developers' battleground." Sir Milner Holland, Q.C., representing the promoters, Island (Piccadilly) Development Ltd., accused the Royal Fine Art Commission—to whom the plans were submitted early this year—of "either having failed in its duty in February or of complete cowardice in December." It is certain that the inquiry will continue for a long time.

frugal—for we had our Christmas dinner at night and were wisely never allowed to spoil it by premature guzzling, however longingly we might look at the mince-pies and pineapple on the sideboard—I daresay the poor man would have been less gratefully appreciative of this splendid act of Christian charity than my brother and I imagined!

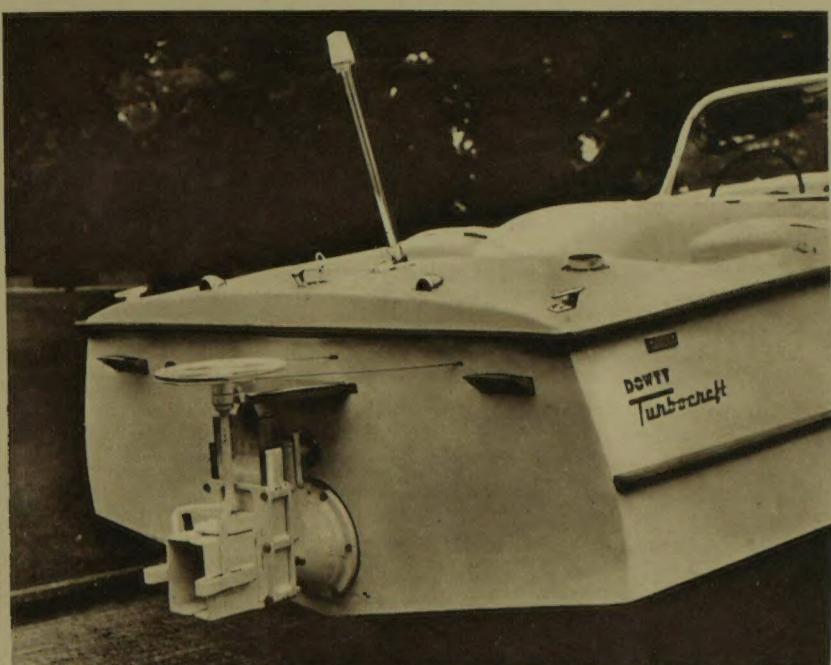
In some respects—certainly in the most important of all—all Christmases are the same. In others mine have changed a great deal. No longer, for instance, do I spend an exciting hour on Christmas morning opening presents of what seemed to me, when I was a boy, of inconceivable value. The most I can hope for now is a packet of handkerchiefs or some much needed and still undarned socks, whereas to equal the thrill and sense of immeasurable wealth that a box of soldiers or a fort gave me in my boyhood I should now, spoilt creature that I am, have to be given, say, a Queen Anne walnut desk or a rosewood Regency sofa-table, objects which it is quite certain no one



A HIGH-SPEED MOTOR-BOAT WITHOUT PROPELLER OR RUDDER: THE DOWTY JET TURBOCRAFT SHOWING ITS PACES, WITH MR. DONALD CAMPBELL AT THE WHEEL.

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ROYAL VISITS; A NEW SPEED-BOAT; A PREMIERE; AND THE BEST CADET.



IN PLACE OF THE MORE USUAL PROPELLER AND RUDDER: A VIEW OF THE GUIDING "GATE" AT THE STERN OF THE NEW TURBOCRAFT.



RECEIVING THE SWORD OF HONOUR AWARDED TO SANDHURST'S BEST CADET: SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER JOHN L. PARKES, OF LEAMINGTON SPA, BEING PRESENTED WITH THE SWORD BY GENERAL SIR HUGH STOCKWELL, A FORMER COMMANDANT.



AT THE PREMIERE OF "BEN-HUR": MR. CHARLTON HESTON (WHO PLAYS BEN-HUR) WITH HIS WIFE. The Gala European premiere of the spectacular film, "Ben-Hur," which took place at the Empire, Leicester Square, on December 16, was attended by many notabilities, including the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Mr. Christopher Fry, who wrote the script, and famous stage and screen actors.



PRINCESS MARGARET, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE, TALKING TO SOME STUDENTS AT THE BALL HELD IN KEELE HALL. ACCORDING TO CUSTOM, THE PRINCESS STARTED THE BALL WITH THE UNION PRESIDENT.



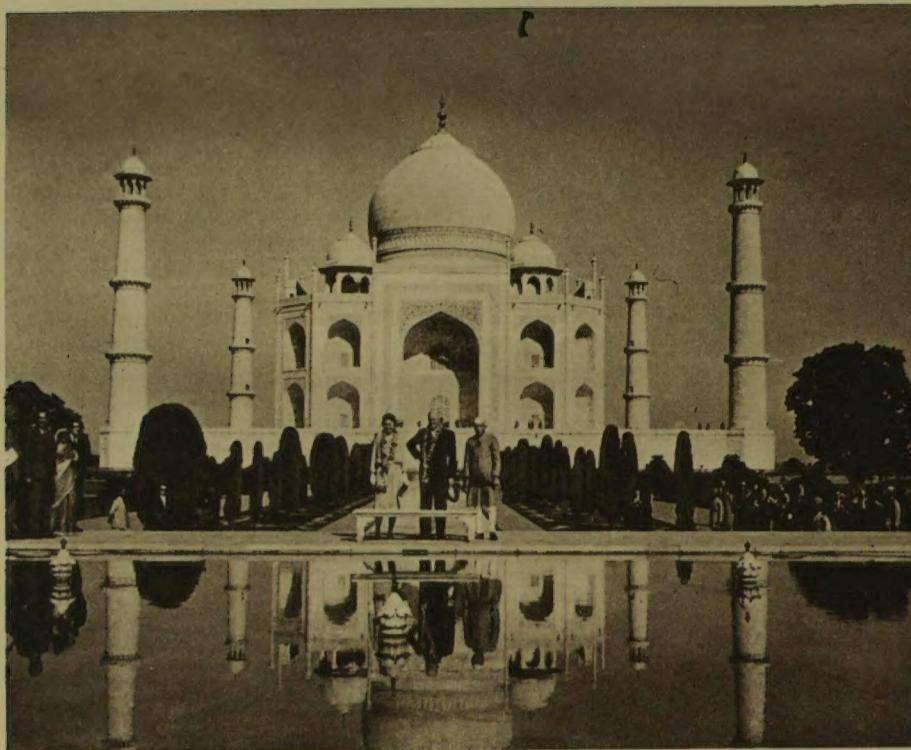
A ROYAL DRIVER AT THE BERTRAM MILLS FUNFAIR: PRINCE CHARLES, WITH MR. DAVID MONK, PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER, ENJOYING HIMSELF ON A DODGEM-CAR.

The Prince of Wales and Princess Anne recently paid an unexpected visit to the Bertram Mills Circus. After each was presented with a button by Coco the clown, they then enjoyed one of the greatest delights of funfairs—a ride on the dodgem-cars.



ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS AND FUNFAIR AT OLYMPIA, WITH PRINCESS ANNE SKILFULLY PILOTING A DODGEM-CAR.

FROM DELHI TO TEHERAN: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN ASIA.



WITH HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND MR. NEHRU, HIS HOST, AT THE TAJ MAHAL: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ENJOYING ONE OF THE MORE RESTFUL SIGHTS OF HIS ARDUOUS TOUR.



ADDRESSING A CROWD ESTIMATED AT HALF A MILLION AT THE RAMLILA GROUNDS: THE PRESIDENT TOWARDS THE END OF HIS LAST FULL DAY IN INDIA.

DURING his four-day visit to India President Eisenhower performed the most important part of his Asian tour—his talks with Mr. Nehru on the recent Chinese threat to the borders of India. He was also shown many of the sights of India's past and present. His last full day there, December 13, he visited the Taj Mahal, the tomb built by the Emperor Shah Jehan for his wife, toured a model village outside Agra and made a speech to over half-a-million people at the Ramlila grounds. On his journey to Athens the next day he called at Teheran, where he had lunch with the Shah. He also visited the Persian Senate, where a speech of welcome was made to which he replied. The President and Shah exchanged presents. He then continued on his way to Greece.



THE MOTOR PROCESSION DRIVING OVER MAGNIFICENT PERSIAN CARPETS AS PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WAS TAKEN FROM TEHERAN AIRPORT TO THE ROYAL PALACE.



THE PRESIDENT DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF TEHERAN WITH THE SHAH OF IRAN ON DECEMBER 14. HE MADE A SHORT VISIT THERE ON HIS WAY TO GREECE.



THE PRESIDENT INSPECTING A PRECIOUS PIECE OF PERSIAN HANDICRAFT THAT WAS GIVEN HIM BY THE SHAH. HE GAVE THE SHAH A POCKET TAPE RECORDER.



THE PRESIDENT LISTENING TO A SPEECH OF WELCOME MADE IN HIS HONOUR IN THE SENATE OF THE PERSIAN PARLIAMENT. HE MADE A BRIEF ADDRESS IN ANSWER TO THE SPEECH.

FROM GREECE TO TUNISIA: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ON HIS GOODWILL TOUR.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER, MR. KARAMANLIS, DRIVING THROUGH ATHENS. THE PRESIDENT RECEIVED A TREMENDOUS WELCOME.

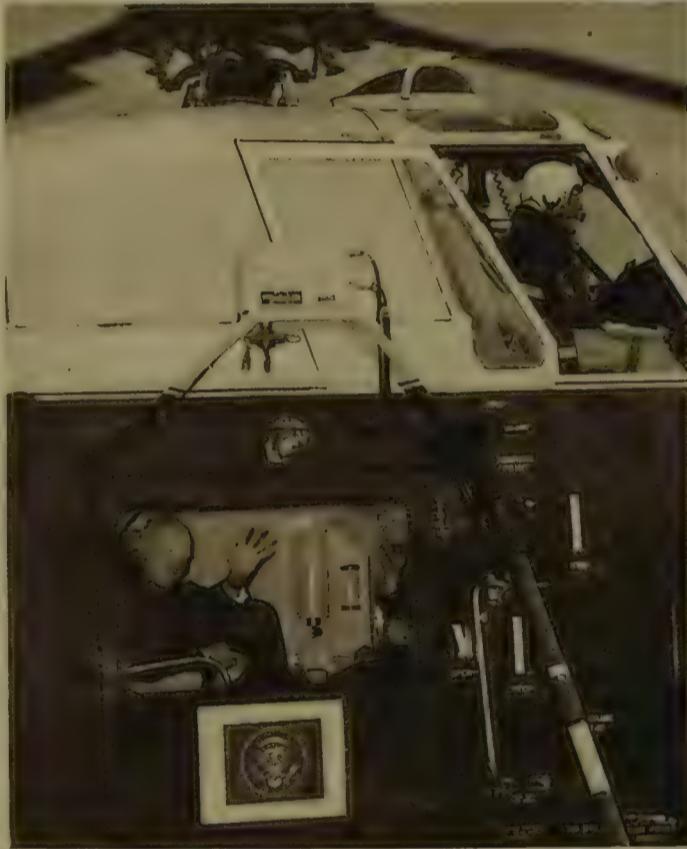


THE PRESIDENT STANDING BETWEEN THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE AT HIS FAREWELL TO THEM ON DECEMBER 15. HE THEN WENT ON A TWO-DAY CRUISE.

P R E S I D E N T E I S E N H O W E R arrived in Athens from Teheran on December 14. He was greeted at the airport by King Paul of Greece. They drove to the centre of Athens where the President laid a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Then they continued to the Royal Palace where he had dinner with the Royal family. America has always been especially interested in Greece. The next day, Dec. 15,

[Continued below.]

(Right.)
WAIVING GOODBYE AS HE LEFT ATHENS FOR THE CRUISER U.S.S. DES MOINES ON DECEMBER 15: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ON BOARD A U.S. NAVY HELICOPTER.



THE PRESIDENT PETTING THE MAGNIFICENT ARAB STALLION THAT WAS PRESENTED TO HIM BY M. BOURGUIBA, THE PRESIDENT OF TUNISIA, ON DECEMBER 17.



PRESIDENT BOURGUIBA HOLDING THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT'S HAND IN A CLASP OF FRIENDSHIP AFTER THE LATTER'S SPEECH IN TUNIS ON DECEMBER 17.

Continued.] he left Athens by helicopter for the cruiser *Des Moines*, the flagship of the American Sixth Fleet, which was in Phaleron Bay. He had a restful two-day cruise which took him to Tunis for a short official visit on December 17. The Royal Navy's latest cruiser, *Tiger*, passed *Des Moines* north of Malta and fired a twenty-one-gun salute. During his four-hour visit to Tunis President Eisenhower was asked by his host, President Bourguiba, to help end the Algerian war. Tunis was his last stopping place before the Western Summit Meeting in Paris, where he arrived the next day.



DES MOINES ON WHICH THE PRESIDENT WAS SAILING, FOLLOWED BY H.M.S. ESSEX, SEEN FROM THE LATEST BRITISH CRUISER, H.M.S. TIGER. A 21-GUN SALUTE WAS FIRED.

ON December 10 General Twining, Chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, spoke, in what was supposed to be a private discussion, of the shortcomings in France's military contribution to N.A.T.O. His criticism was immediately made public through unknown channels. It was not therefore unnatural that on the day before the N.A.T.O. Conference in Paris the French Foreign Minister, M. Couve de Murville, should have expressed his extreme surprise at this revelation. He also brought up what the French Government considered the unsatisfactory attitude of the United States delegate to the United Nations regarding French policy in Algeria. For the moment, however, the first of these matters was clearly the more important.

It is common knowledge that for several years the strength of the French contribution has declined, and that it is now wholly unrepresentative of a Power of the status of France. However, France's allies realised that this weakness was due to the drain caused by the situation in Algeria and trusted that as soon as a settlement—whatever its nature and terms—had been concluded the weakness would be repaired. The latest complaints have been of a different character. They are concerned with a new policy associated with General de Gaulle which is not directly linked with Algeria: the control of certain French forces being withdrawn from N.A.T.O. and held in French hands. This is in a sense more serious than the Algerian drain because it is a question of principle, whereas the other is one of military necessity.

General de Gaulle's laudable object has been to restore, segment by segment, the prestige lost by France in the Second World War—a loss which was accentuated by the débâcle in Indo-China. His opposition to "integration"—a word which must be examined later—has not been wholly because he objects to it in theory but to an even greater extent because he believes that France has not been allowed to occupy in the councils of the Allies a place worthy of her, either within N.A.T.O. or outside it. His policy has, however, set N.A.T.O. a serious problem at a time when it has all too many to face and when it has been weakened in other respects than the withdrawal of French contingents.

These preliminaries could not fail to cause anxiety about what would happen on the morrow when the Conference opened. What would the French Prime Minister, M. Debré, who carries heavier guns than M. Couve de Murville, have to say? There need have been no worry, for his speech was statesmanlike and conciliatory. It stressed the strength of France's commitment to N.A.T.O. and faith in it. Then came the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Herter. He did not deal with this subject, but he said firmly that there was no truth in stories to the effect that the United States was bent on withdrawing behind long-range armaments and leaving the defence of Europe on the Continent to be carried out by Europe itself.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

N.A.T.O. AND ITS WEAKNESSES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Mr. Herter did, however, speak of the importance of "integration," and was to that extent critical of French policy. He stressed also the concern felt in the United States over the insistent demands that it should continue to pay more than its share of the costs of defence and other charges. This is, of course, a reflection of the President's policy and one in which Congress does not see eye to eye with him. Congress stands in the curious position of an advocate of larger expenditure, and thus higher taxes, than demanded.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the differences between France and the United States had

not precise and that its meaning may vary. There may be a precise meaning attached to it within N.A.T.O., but if so I cannot remember having seen it.

If it were to mean turning the national forces, as was once proposed, into a "European Army," I do not think it would work, and I do think

the effort to carry out this transformation would be harmful. The "European Army," if I remember aright, was actually to wear a European uniform. Formations were to be independent of nationality and everything down to minor tactics was to be imposed from the top. This must have been what the writer was condemning, for he spoke of M. Pléven's proposal of nine years ago. But when the Americans object to the military behaviour of the French they are condemning the withdrawal of French forces from N.A.T.O. leadership and control. This is a very different matter. The Second-World-War pattern of full integration at the top and full co-operation below worked pretty well and is not likely to be bettered. The withdrawal of forces from N.A.T.O. control, with a pledge of co-operation in time of war, is contrary to the principle of the alliance.

It is not, however, the only weakness, excluding those of the interior organisation which I do not feel competent to discuss. When Western German rearmament was approaching it was said that the process would make a hopeless prospect more hopeful. Now that this rearmament has to a large extent taken place, country after country argues that the reinforcement allows it to reduce its own contingent. The process is spreading, and we are high on the list. Then newspaper correspondents trot out the old alleged principle that the offensive needs a three-to-one superiority for success. Military students may put down casual sentences as others do, but they do not preach so absurd a doctrine. If a three-to-one superiority of total strength in the theatre were needed for a win, there

would be very few victorious offensives in history. What has been said is that, where opposed forces are equal in quality, where the defence is on the alert and well disposed and fortified, a threefold superiority on the front of the main attack may be necessary. We should not deceive ourselves or others with such trifling.

In the article to which I have referred Lord Montgomery speaks of the need for reorganisation of N.A.T.O., and in particular the military structure. Well and good, and is it not also desirable that there should be some fresh thinking not only within the mind of N.A.T.O. as an entity but also in the minds of the Governments which are pledged to the Organisation and provide it with its forces? Its foes are many, but the lukewarm support of members is one of its heaviest handicaps. The falling-off is not in words, which are plentiful, but in deeds. If this process is not arrested, then, unless there is speedily a movement towards world disarmament, N.A.T.O.'s situation may soon be gravely weakened.

* "An Approach to Sanity: A Study of East-West Relations." (Collins; 8s. 6d.)



AT THE OPENING OF THE N.A.T.O. MEETING IN PARIS: MR. SELWYN LLOYD, BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER (LEFT), GREETING THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, MR. CHRISTIAN HERTER.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation Council Conference began on December 15, when M. Debré, the French Prime Minister, made the opening speech at the handing over by his Government of the new building. Among the more important proposals put forward were Mr. Herter's ten-year plan for the Atlantic Alliance; and General Norstad's recommendations that European air defence should be integrated, and that N.A.T.O. itself should become a fourth nuclear power. Captain Falls discusses on this page France's position and responsibilities regarding the other N.A.T.O. countries.

been settled. What we may conclude is that these are not to be allowed to create further ill feeling. More pressing matters stand in the foreground—above all, a Summit Conference—but also the French experiment with the atomic bomb. Then there is the general business of N.A.T.O. On this Mr. Herter suggested the consideration of a ten-year plan, to include political planning for a common policy, military planning to provide balanced forces, arms control and scientific problems. He said that N.A.T.O. had probably been too much preoccupied by short-term crises and ought to look farther ahead; it should also look farther afield, because it faced a global threat.

I have been refreshing my memory of Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery's recently-published collection of lectures and articles.* On the subject of integration he writes that N.A.T.O. should realise "the complete integration of nation forces into a N.A.T.O. force" to be unsuitable. What is required is national forces "welded into a fighting machine by the closest co-operation. The operative word is 'co-operation'—not integration." I feel that the trouble here is that the latter word is

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



PARIS. THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC COUNCIL IN THE NEW N.A.T.O. HEADQUARTERS

ON December 15 the North Atlantic Council met for the first time in the Council chamber of the N.A.T.O. Headquarters, which, in his opening speech, the French Prime Minister, M. Debré, handed over on behalf of the French Government. The principal feature of the first day's proceedings was the assurance given by Mr. Herter that the United States intended to maintain its full commitment to N.A.T.O. The following day discussions centred on the Franco-American differences on the subject of integrated defence, it being commonly supposed that France would not agree to co-operate in European unified fighter defence unless she is given some share in the control of the use of the ultimate deterrent, the American strategic bomber force. Mr. Watkinson, the U.K. Defence Minister, repeated that British fighters would be put at the Supreme Commander's disposal.

MEETING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS NEW COUNCIL CHAMBER: THE NORTH ATLANTIC COUNCIL, DURING THE OPENING SPEECH OF M. DEBRE.



HANDING OVER THE NEW N.A.T.O. BUILDING ON BEHALF OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT: M. DEBRE SPEAKING, AND (RIGHT) M. SPAAK.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



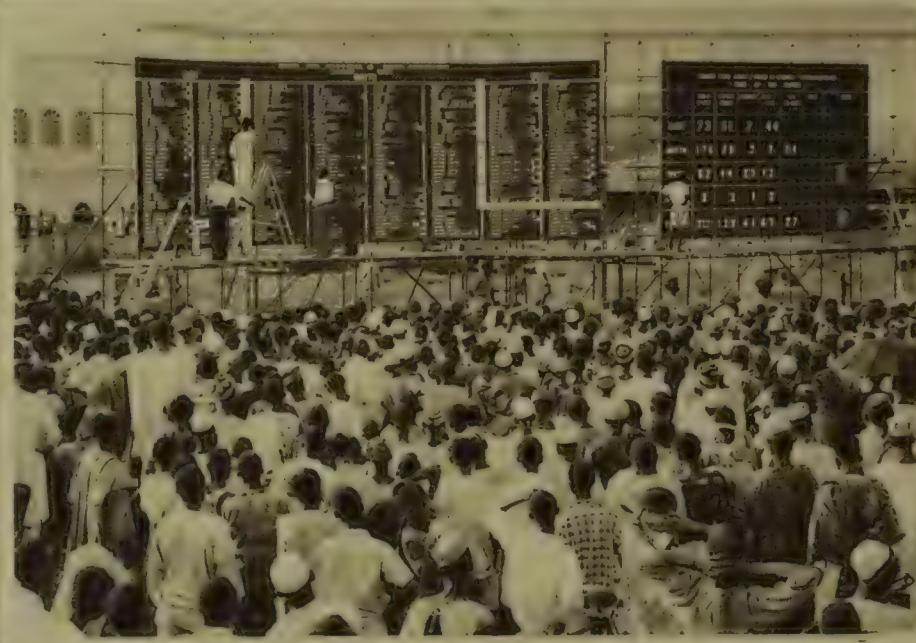
ZURICH, SWITZERLAND. NOT A GIANT BALANCING TRICK BUT PART OF A TEST FOR THE ERECTION OF A BLOCK OF FLATS: A HUGE CASE, CONTAINING 450 TONS OF STONES, DELICATELY BALANCED OVER THE POSSIBLE SITE.



CAPE CANAVERAL, U.S.A. AN ATTEMPT TO LAUNCH A TITAN INTER-CONTINENTAL MISSILE WHICH ENDED IN A DISASTROUS EXPLOSION: FLAMES BELCHING FORTH AFTER THE ILL-FATED OPERATION. THIS WAS THE THIRD SUCCESSIVE FAILURE.



SOUTH DAKOTA, U.S.A. SAID TO BE THE LARGEST BALLOON EVER LAUNCHED, AND LOST TRACE OF, ON DECEMBER 15: A HUGE UNMANNED PLASTIC BALLOON, CONTAINING 10 MILLION CUBIC FEET OF HELIUM, AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS.



LAGOS, NIGERIA. WATCHING THE FEDERAL ELECTION RESULTS AS THEY APPEAR ON A HUGE BOARD AT THE RACE-TRACK: NIGERIANS IN COLOURFUL COSTUMES.

A most efficient election result service was organised on the race-track in Lagos for the recent Nigerian Federal elections. A large board kept any onlookers fully informed of the up-to-date position of each constituency and party. The Northern People's Congress and its supporters won a clear but not overall majority, and some form of Coalition Government will be necessary.



PARIS, FRANCE. AN ELECTRONIC BALLOT AT THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: THE TWO LUMINOUS PANELS WHICH SHOW RESULTS, WITH A PUSH-BUTTON SYSTEM. The electronic push-button system introduced into the National Assembly is expected greatly to accelerate voting. Each deputy has three buttons on his desk (for, against and abstention). After deputies have voted, results are shown on the luminous panels.



ROME, ITALY. BEFORE THE GREAT BELLS TOLL: CARDINAL GIOBBE WITH HAND RAISED GIVES HIS BLESSING DURING A SERVICE IN THE CHURCH OF SAN PAOLO FUORI LE MURA. A magnificent new set of bells now hangs in the church of San Paolo Fuori le Mura, in Rome. The largest weighs 5 tons and was donated by the Pope. Others have been presented by the cities of Venice and Bergamo, and by San Paolo monks and faithful parishioners.



ROME, ITALY. THE LINE OF NEW BELLS SEEN DURING THE SOLEMN CEREMONY: THE LARGEST OF THEM WAS DONATED BY THE POPE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYA. MARKING THE END OF THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER'S GOODWILL VISIT: MR. MENZIES (IN WHITE) AND HIS WIFE (LEFT) JOINING HANDS WITH THE MALAYAN PREMIER, TENGKU ABDUL RAHMAN, AND HIS WIFE IN "AULD LANG SYNE."



JAKARTA, INDONESIA. IN FRIENDLY CONVERSATION AT THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE: MR. MENZIES, THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER, ON A GOODWILL VISIT TO INDONESIA AND MALAYA, WITH PRESIDENT SUKARNO.

Mr. Menzies returned to Australia on December 14, after goodwill visits to Indonesia and Malaya, which were felt—in the Australian Press—to be, on the whole, successful. Among the topics discussed in Indonesia was that of Australian loans, and general Asian policy.



LULUABOURG, BELGIAN CONGO. AN OFFICER OF THE SECURITY FORCES POINTS TO THE POISONED TIPS OF ARROWS USED IN RECENT TRIBAL CLASHES. On December 17, fifteen Africans, including a woman and two children, were killed in the tribal fighting at Luluabourg, in south Congo, when Lulua tribesmen attacked their traditional enemies, the Baluba.



ZARAGOZA, SPAIN. PRINCE JUAN CARLOS (RIGHT), SON OF THE CLAIMANT TO THE SPANISH THRONE, RECEIVING HIS DIPLOMAS FROM THE MINISTER OF THE ARMY, GENERAL BARROSA, AFTER PASSING OUT OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY. On December 12, Prince Juan Carlos of Bourbon completed his military studies at the Zaragoza Military Academy and became a commissioned officer in the Spanish Army, Navy and Air Force.

He is to begin his university studies in January and his principal subjects will be law and political and economic science. The Prince, who was one of 340 passing out, may one day be King of Spain.



TEHERAN, IRAN. ADMIRING A BIRD IN THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE: MISS FARAH DIBAH, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE SHAH WAS DUE TO TAKE PLACE ON DEC. 21.

(Right.)
TEHERAN, IRAN. ON THEIR WAY TO A GAME OF VOLLEY-BALL IN THE PALACE GROUNDS: THE SHAH AND HIS BRIDE, MISS FARAH DIBAH.

The wedding of the Shah of Iran and the beautiful twenty-one-year-old Miss Farah Dibah, until lately a student at Paris, was due to take place in the Marble Palace on December 21 in the presence of the Imam Jomen, the highest local religious authority. The honeymoon may be spent on the Caspian or near Teheran.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



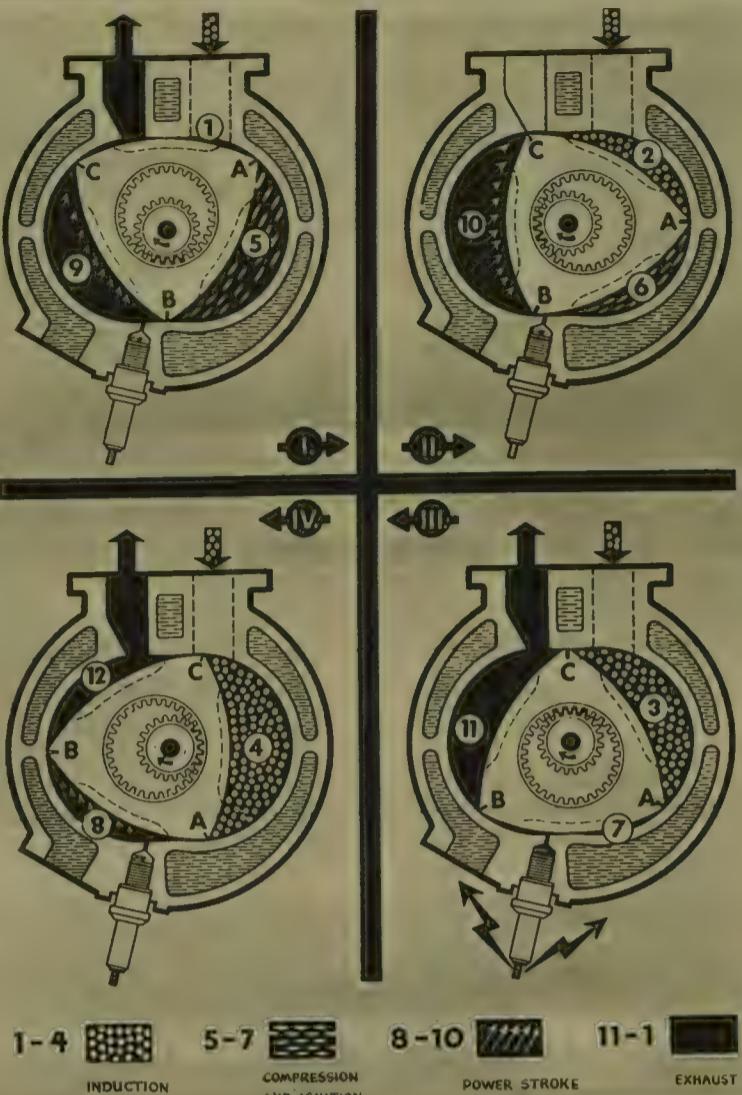
DAR-ES-SALAAM, EAST AFRICA. APPROPRIATELY CALLED "THE CLOUDS": A NEW 11-STORY BLOCK OF FLATS, WHICH, RISING TO 150 FT., IS EAST AFRICA'S TALLEST BUILDING. BUILT FOR MAXIMUM COMFORT IN A DIFFICULT CLIMATE, THE FLATS HAVE DOUBLE WALLS WITH AIR SPACE BETWEEN. THEY COST £60,000 TO BUILD.



OBERSTDORF, GERMANY. A SHOE FIT FOR GARGANTUA: JOSEF SCHRATT WITH THE ENORMOUS SHOE, WHICH, MADE BY HIM FROM THE SKINS OF NINE OXEN (SUFFICIENT FOR 800 PAIRS OF NORMAL SHOES), IS ALMOST CERTAINLY THE WORLD'S LARGEST.



VEVEY, SWITZERLAND. A NEW ADDITION TO A FAMOUS FAMILY WHICH NOW NUMBERS NINE: MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN, HIS WIFE OONA, AND THEIR NEW-BORN SEVENTH CHILD, ANNETTE EMILY. THE CELEBRATED ACTOR IS HOLDING TWO-YEAR-OLD JANE.



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE STAGES OF WORKING OF THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW FOUR-STROKE ENGINE, DEVELOPED FROM THE VALVELESS MOTOR INVENTED BY FELIX WANKEL, A GERMAN ENGINEER. THE FOUR SECTIONS SHOW HOW A TRIANGLE ROTATES ECCENTRICALLY ON A SHAFT IN THE CHAMBER.



NECKARSULM, WEST GERMANY. A MILESTONE IN ENGINEERING: AN INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE WHICH HAS ONLY TWO MOVING PARTS. The amazing new internal-combustion engine is a joint development of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation and NSU Werke of West Germany. Combining the efficiency and reliability of the piston engine and the performance of the jet-turbine, the rotating combustion engine can be produced at relatively low cost.

HOW SCIENTISTS UNDERSTAND THE UNIVERSE.

IX. THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

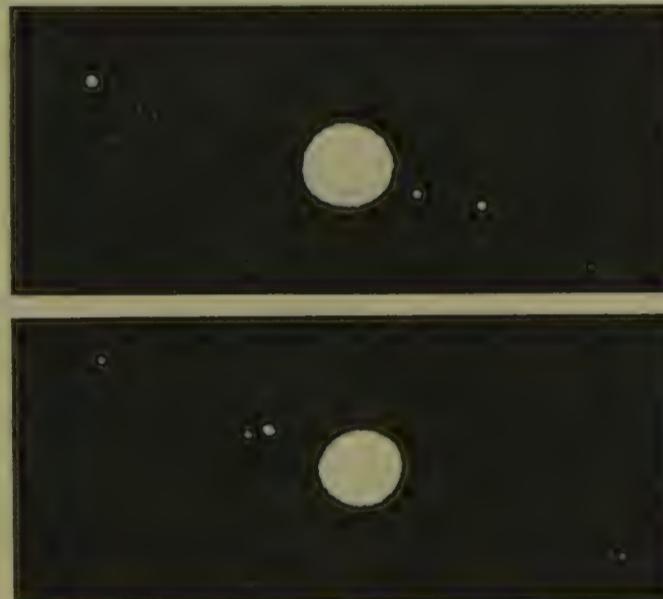
By H. BONDI, F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics, King's College, London.

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NEARLY 300 years ago Newton formulated the Law of Gravitation. With it, the first of the great forces of nature was described in a useful and fertile way. In the familiar story it was the falling of an apple that suggested to Newton the possibility that the motion of the moon might be due to the same force as the motion of the apple. The magnitude of this step is not always appreciated. Newton attempted to, and was successful in finding, the law that connects objects as vastly different in size and in distance from the earth as the apple and the moon. The moon, 250,000 miles away, is maybe one hundred million times further from the surface of the earth than the apple was when it began to fall; and the diameter of the moon bears to the diameter of the apple a ratio nearly as great. When a scientist proposes a law of nature, then it is always his aim to describe as many different natural events as possible; but it was bold indeed to suggest that two events as different as the motion of the moon and the motion of the apple could be comprehended in one law. However, not only does the law bridge this gap, but we know that its validity extends further on either side. In addition to the motion of the moon round the earth, the motion of the planets round the sun is described by it—a step of a thousand or so in size. But beyond this the motion of binary stars, the motion of stars in the galaxy, indeed, presumably, the motion of galaxies in a cluster of galaxies are governed by the same law that controls the motion of the apple. In this final example, the distances between the galaxies are a million million times as great as the distance between the moon and the earth. Newton's Law of Gravitation, therefore, covers an enormous range of sizes, greater indeed than we know for certain for any other law of nature.

When Newton had decided to examine the possibility that the motion of the moon was due to the gravitational pull of the Earth just as much as the fall of the apple was, he still had to decide on how the strength of this pull varied with distance from the Earth. What he proposed has become known as the inverse square law. This says that the gravitational attraction of a body varies with the inverse square of the distance. In other words, if you double the distance you diminish the strength of the attraction to a quarter of what it previously was. This law has many interesting properties which are of great help to the mathematician when he tries to work out its consequences. The first of these was discovered by Newton by mathematical methods that were quite recondite for the age. He faced the question that if each particle of the earth attracted the apple (and, of course, the moon) then the sum of all these attractions had to be evaluated before one could work out how fast the apple (or the moon) would fall. These attractions differ both in magnitude (owing to the greatly different distances between different particles of the earth and the apple) and in direction. How are they all to be added up? In fact, such an addition can be a very difficult calculation; but fortunately the earth is almost spherical in shape. If it is assumed to have complete spherical symmetry, then, as Newton found, the attraction of the whole Earth on any particle outside the Earth is the same as if its whole mass were concentrated at its centre. This is a remarkably simple result—one that is not shared by any other law of force. Another remarkable result, closely connected with this one, concerns the field inside a spherical shell of matter. Imagine the space between two concentric spheres to be filled uniformly with matter. What is the attraction of this matter at an interior point? If we consider a particle in the interior but not at the centre, then clearly by symmetry the attraction must lie along the diameter through the particle. It could either be towards the part of the shell nearest to the particle, or in the opposite direction. The part of the shell nearest the particle has less mass, but is closer to it than the part further away. Which of these two opposing influences will win? It turns out that, with the inverse square law of force, and with that law alone, there is no attraction whatever inside the shell. If the force depended more strongly on distance, then the particle would be attracted to the part of the shell nearest it; if it depended less strongly on distance, it would be attracted to the opposite side, that is, towards the centre. The inverse square law falls exactly between these two possibilities—there is no force

whatever. From these properties of the inverse square law one can deduce another one. We shall suppose that the earth is exactly spherical and uniform in composition. Then, if tunnelling were cheap and easy, one might think of the following way of getting from any point on the surface of the earth to any other: one would make a straight tunnel in the direct line between the two points between which one wishes to travel. If the two places are relatively near, then the mouths of the tunnel will be gently inclined; if the two places are far apart, they will be steeply inclined; and if one wishes to connect a place with its antipodes, the tunnel would be vertical and go straight through the centre of the earth. Next, let us suppose that we use a very good lubricant so that we can slide freely through any such tunnel without any friction whatever. We may suppose, for example, the tunnel to have a floor covered with ice, and suppose ourselves to be skilled skaters. As soon as we step into such a tunnel, then, we will begin to slide forward owing to the fact that the tunnel points downwards; the steeper the tunnel, the faster we will be progressing. Our speed will increase more and more until we reach the midpoint of the tunnel, at which place we are closest



A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF MOTION UNDER GRAVITY IS GIVEN BY THE SATELLITES OF JUPITER. THE INNER SATELLITES MOVE SO FAST Owing TO THEIR PROXIMITY TO THIS VERY MASSIVE PLANET THAT TWO PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN ONLY 3 HOURS APART, CLEARLY DISPLAY THEIR MOVEMENTS.

Photograph by Yerkes Observatory from "Astronomy," by Robert H. Baker, published by D. Van Nostrand Company Inc.

to the centre of the earth. From there on, we begin to get nearer to the surface, that is, we begin to climb, although the direction of the tunnel remains the same. Thus our speed will diminish and, in fact, we will come to a standstill the moment we reach our destination. How long does this journey take? If we want to go to a place not very far away, we have no great distance to cover; but, on the other hand, our tunnel is at such a gentle inclination that we do not move very fast. If we want to go to a very distant place, we have to cover a long distance but we start off with a very high acceleration. It turns out that, once again, these two influences cancel. Wherever we wish to go by this method, it will take us exactly the same time, namely, 42 minutes. Not, perhaps, a very high speed, if we only want to go to a place a mile away; but a very fast means of travel if we want to go to the far side of the earth. In fact, of course, not only is tunnelling extremely expensive, and frictionless sliding not a technical possibility, but the earth is not quite uniform. The central regions are considerably denser than the outer ones. If we contemplate tunnelling through such a non-uniform earth, then it would make travel to very distant places faster by a few minutes than in the case of the uniform earth without, however, affecting the travel time to nearer localities.

One of the most remarkable properties of gravitation was discovered by Galileo before Newton's time: the fact that all bodies fall equally fast. It is this universal nature of gravitation which distinguishes it most markedly from all other forces. There is no way of escaping from gravitation, though many writers of science fiction from its earliest beginnings have contemplated this possibility. To the best of our knowledge Galileo's

rule is exactly true—all bodies without exception fall equally fast. Free falling is an experience few of us have; however, we can attempt to imagine what this would feel like. Suppose we were in a box which was falling freely. Then we ourselves and all the objects around us would be pursuing the same motion since all bodies fall equally fast. Inside this box, therefore, gravitation would not exist. It would have been abolished by the free fall. We could not pour water out of a glass since the water wouldn't know which way to go, there being no gravitation. We could, though, pull the glass away from the water and leave the water behind as a floating blob. We ourselves would be floating weightlessly, and the whole situation would be most remarkable. This situation is, in fact, what must be contemplated in connection with space flight. Once the rocket motors of the space ship have been switched off, the whole space ship and its inhabitants fall freely. Thus they have to get used to travelling in this state of weightlessness. Many problems of a medical and physical character arise that have to be considered, and are being considered at the present time. To mention but one of them: there is the danger of suffocation in one's sleep. Normally, the exhaled air is warmer than the surrounding air and so will be lighter and thus will rise away from the breathing person. Thus, he will have fresh air to breathe in. However, in a condition of weightlessness the relative lightness of the exhaled air would not impart any motion to it, for it would not know in what direction to rise, there being no gravity. Thus, without extensive provision of fans, people would tend (particularly in their sleep) to breathe in the air they had just exhaled, with disastrous consequences. The whole situation is so different from anything we know that a great deal of thought will have to be spent before the problems can be solved satisfactorily.

The universal nature of gravitation forms the very basis of the successor to Newton's theory of gravitation, namely, Einstein's celebrated general theory of relativity. Whereas the fact that all bodies fall equally fast is only a more or less incidental point in Newton's theory, it forms the very basis of Einstein's theory. In the first instance, Einstein suggests that our normal state is rather exceptional and possibly not the most fruitful one to consider. By our normal state our existence on earth is meant, where we feel gravity all the time and are virtually never in a state of free fall. This condition is only made possible by the solidity of the earth. We sit or stand or lie on solid objects that themselves are supported by structures such as houses on the solid earth which stand up to gravitation. We thus should consider our weight not so much as a consequence of gravitation, as of the fact that we happen to rest on a solid surface supporting ourselves against the gravitational pull. He observes that, if there were no gravitation, but we were in a space ship with its rocket motors working full blast, accelerating it all the time, the conditions inside that space ship

would be very much like conditions we are accustomed to, for every object has inertia which means that a force must be exerted on it to accelerate it. Thus, in the accelerating space ship, objects have weight and they all fall equally fast if their support is withdrawn.

Where, then, does the true nature of gravitation show itself? Consider, again, the freely-falling box, falling through a shaft passing from the surface of the earth through its centre. Inside this box there will be conditions of weightlessness; but, as Einstein points out, if we examine conditions there very, very closely, then we will indeed find some evidence of the earth's gravitation. Consider two particles that were at rest on opposite sides of the box before the box started to fall. They are each falling freely towards the centre of the earth. Therefore, by the time the box passes through the centre of the earth these two particles will collide in the box. Thus there is a tiny bit of gravitation that we cannot abolish by living in a freely-falling box, which makes two particles originally at rest on opposite walls collide while the box covers the radius of the earth. From this consideration Einstein constructs his new theory of gravitation. Almost all its results are identical with those of Newton's theory; but there are a few very small effects which are different. The observational tests favour Einstein's theory and speak against Newton's. However, Einstein's theory of gravitation is mathematically most cumbersome. We know that it gives the same answer as Newton's to any practical problem other than one or two exceedingly refined ones. Therefore, in practice, we continue to use Newton's theory for all but these very small points, because it is simpler to handle and gives the same results as Einstein's, results that are in excellent agreement with observation.

THE LAW OF GRAVITATION: HOW NEWTON'S FORMULATION ENABLES

ASTRONOMERS TO CALCULATE THE MOTION OF CELESTIAL BODIES.



THE ATTRACTIVE FORCE PRODUCED BY A SPHERE.
THE SUM OF THE ATTRACTIVE FORCES HAD TO BE WORKED OUT AND EVALUATED. IT WAS FOUND BY NEWTON THAT IF A BODY WERE SPHERICAL (AS THE EARTH ALMOST IS) THEN THE ATTRACTION OF THE WHOLE SPHERE ON ANY PARTICLE OUTSIDE THE EARTH IS THE SAME AS IF THE WHOLE MASS WAS CONCENTRATED IN THE CENTRE. THIS REMARKABLE PROPERTY IS NOT SHARED BY ANY OTHER LAW OF FORCE.

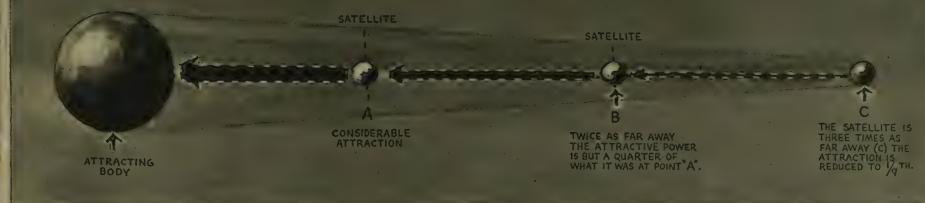


Sir Isaac Newton's formulation of the law of gravitation enables astronomers to comprehend in one framework such varied and complex systems as satellites circling a planet, planets orbiting round the Sun, stars in their courses in the Galaxy and even the motions of galaxies in clusters. Many mathematical

problems were set by the law, such as the attraction due to a massive sphere (the Earth) inside and outside, the mutual attraction of planets, etc. In spite of the enormous simplification due to Galileo's discovery that all bodies fall equally fast, most astronomical calculations are difficult and lengthy. Newton's

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis,

WHEN NEWTON EXAMINED THE POSSIBILITY THAT THE MOTION OF THE MOON WAS DUE TO THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF THE EARTH, HE STILL HAD TO DETERMINE HOW THE PULL VARIED WITH DISTANCE. THE RESULT WHICH HE OBTAINED BECAME KNOWN AS THE INVERSE SQUARE LAW.



AN INTERESTING PROPERTY OF THE INVERSE SQUARE LAW IS THE FACT THAT THE ANGLE OF DESCENT GOVERNS SPEED AND ALSO THE DISTANCE COVERED. THUS, IF IT EVER BECOME POSSIBLE TO BORE A SERIES OF STRAIGHT TUNNELS FROM EARTH PLACES IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, THE TUNNELS WOULD DIFFER IN INCLINATION, ACCORDING TO THEIR GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION. TRAVELLERS WOULD THEN REACH THESE PLACES BY MARKING OUT ON THEM A LONG TUNNEL, DRIVING STEEP TUNNELS WOULD BE TRAVELED AT HIGH SPEED A SHORTER, AND THEREFORE MORE GENTLY INCLINED TUNNEL, WOULD LEAD TO A JOURNEY AT LOW SPEED. IN FACT, THE SAME TIME WOULD BE TAKEN BY EACH SUCH JOURNEY, NAMELY 42 MINUTES.



G. H. DAVIS
1959

WEIGHTLESSNESS IN SPACE DUE TO FREE FALL.

THIS PROVIDES MANY PROBLEMS FOR FUTURE SPACE TRAVELLERS. WHEN A SPACE-SHIP'S MOTORS ARE TURNED OFF, RATHER THAN SLOWLY DRIFTING AWAY, IT WILL HAVE WEIGHT BUT WHEN FREE FALL COMMENCES WEIGHTLESSNESS OCCURS. (2)



theory of gravitation was superseded by Einstein's, which, though its results differ only very little from those of the earlier theory, yet is far more satisfactory and in better agreement with observation. In this week's article Professor Bondi describes how Newton's observation of the falling apple led him to connect the

law governing its downward fall with the motions of far-distant celestial bodies. After explaining some of the results derived from the inverse square law, he then goes on to describe the modifications to Newton's theory suggested by Einstein's famous general theory of relativity.



AS a fine piece of book-making with generous margins, unusual proportions cleverly tailored to suit some exceptionally fine photographs, William Watson's book on Japanese Sculpture is a delight to the eye, though I dare say many will have difficulty in finding shelf room tall enough to take it. But it is a good deal more than just another agreeable picture-book, because the author has great understanding of the religious concepts which were the inspiration of this early sculpture.

Our Western eyes can appreciate it easily enough for its plastic form just as, no doubt, Japanese eyes can enjoy the Gothic sculpture in the cathedrals of Europe; but obviously the Japanese will find it easier to come to terms with the symbols of the West if they know a little of the Christian background, and so these Eastern sculptures mean more to us once we have at least a nodding acquaintance with Buddhist iconography. Mr. Watson's notes at the end of the volume provide just this essential information and do a great deal to interpret what at first sight seems obscure as one turns over its splendidly illustrated pages. The colossal importation of trivial and niggling little carved objects from Japan since the country at last opened its harbours to the outside world nearly a century ago, has given Europe a wholly false impression of Japanese art. This book, no less than the remarkable loan exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum last year, will do much to restore the balance and to prove that religious sculpture as noble as any in the world was made in Japan. But we are left in no doubt that this tradition, after flourishing for eight centuries, had come to an end by the 15th century: "The Sculptures of the 15th and later centuries appear repetitive and uninspired. In the 18th and 19th centuries flourished the miniature carving which has become to us a familiar department of Japanese craft. In monumental sculpture no serious tradition survived to compete with the introduction of sculpture in modern styles towards the end of the 19th century."

In his book on Indonesia, one of a series of regional histories of the visual arts, Frits Wagner, in dealing with the art of the whole Island group, remarks wisely and mournfully: "All the world over it can be observed how the tourist industry promotes the manufacture of shoddy trash." He is speaking specifically at this point of the island of Bali—and at the same time has to admit that even twenty-five years ago "the art of weaving there had been seriously impaired by imports and foreign influences—for a change, not by tourists." As to Java, "the possessors of traditional skills and accomplishments have died out during the course of the 20th century." The task of dealing with so widespread an area containing so many separate cultures and, at the same time, open to all the various influences of the Orient—Hinduism, Buddhism, and Islam—is obviously extremely difficult; no doubt the author was relieved to find that the art of the Buddhist period is to be treated separately. This has enabled him to emphasise the extraordinary Hindu architecture of Java which, to stay-at-homes, is surely the most striking feature of the island.

Less well known to most of us will be the buildings of Bali and their significance; there are no images of the gods in the temple proper, "for the Balinese imagine their deities as residing upon the peaks of the many volcanoes which tower up in the interior of the island." Instead, a stone seat is erected, and the deity invoked is thought to be present, invisible to human eyes, during the

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ROUND THE WORLD IN VARIOUS WAYS: FOUR BOOKS.*

ceremony. No less fascinating is the author's account of the Javanese puppet-shows, which have their origin in religion, and in which the shadows of the puppets fall upon a screen; this chapter is illustrated by colour photographs of these traditionally stylised two-dimensional figures which must be counted among the most remarkable things of their kind in the world.



REMINISCENT OF THE MONK'S SKETCHBOOK REPRODUCED IN COLOUR IN OUR ISSUE OF DECEMBER 12: STUDIES OF VARIOUS BIRDS BY MISKINA, A PAINTER OF THE AKBAR AND JAHANGIR PERIOD.

(From "Five Thousand Years of Indian Art," reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd.)



"SOR RITA MARIA DE SAN LUIS GONZAGA," c. 1750; BY A MEMBER OF THE CIRCLE OF MIGUEL CABRERA (1695-1768), WHO IS ONE OF THE GREAT PAINTERS OF MEXICO:

(From "Art and Architecture in Spain and Portugal," reproduced by courtesy of Penguin Books.)



HEAD OF THE DIVINE WARRIOR MEIKIRA, ONE OF TWELVE WARRIORS WHO SURROUND A CIRCULAR ALTAR. MADE OF CLAY, IT DATES FROM ABOUT THE MID-8TH CENTURY A.D.

(From "Sculpture of Japan," reproduced by courtesy of The Studio, Ltd.)

This, and the companion book on India, was printed in Holland, published first at Baden-Baden and now appears in an English translation from the house of Methuen. Like the long-established Skira books from Switzerland, the series evidently

proposes to use colour blocks only, except for a few line engravings. Dr. Goetz writes from Baroda, where he used to be Director of the Museum, with obvious affection for the Indian scene and for Indian thought. He makes this point in his brief introduction to his story of 5000 years: "Although Hindu religion and Hindu philosophy mean much to me, I cannot agree to the romantic theory of a solely mystical India and an exclusively religious Indian art. I feel that Indian art is too rich and too varied to allow of this simplification, which has in any case been abandoned by all serious scholars." He warns us later that the monuments still standing in India are more numerous than all that survive in Europe; there is hardly a village which does not preserve the name of a once rich town or where mounds do not invite excavation; the towns of to-day stand on strata over strata of earlier settlements.

In spite of all this confusion the author has had, I think, a slightly less difficult assignment than his colleague because, on the whole, the art of the sub-continent is more of a piece, as it were, than that of the great sprawling archipelago. That it is of a far higher quality goes without saying, for whereas Indonesia has produced some admirable folk art, its sculpture is insipid and provincial by comparison. One has merely to read the chapter on the Gupta Empire, with its illustrations, to be convinced. The final illustration in the book is of a modern painting "Peasant Girls on the Way to Market"—a truly brilliant choice to show how occasionally the influence of Europe upon Indian art has been inspiring rather than degrading. A stimulating chronological table enables us to see Indian art-history unfolding side by side with the civilisation of the Mediterranean, China, Greater India and South-West Asia.

One is so accustomed to think of the Penguin organisation solely in terms of paper backs at 2s. 6d. and 5s.—and by no means all of them reprints of past successes—that it is as well to be reminded occasionally that there exists a sideline of the main enterprise, designed on a grand scale. This is the Pelican History of Art, and the latest volume of the series, sold at 70s., deals with Art and Architecture in Spain and Portugal and their American Dominions (my italics) from 1500 to 1800. The authors are George Kubler, Professor of Art History at Yale, and Martin Soria, Associate Professor at Michigan State University. Many will find the pages devoted to South America fascinating even if they are unable to share the authors' enthusiasm; the most fervent faith cannot invariably compensate for lack of skill. What

is described as "the Latin American urge to show blood. Numerous tiny rivulets stream over the face and chest" is no doubt sincere, not to say edifying, propaganda. But what are we expected to make of this: "In a side altar seductive female caryatids with silver bodies dressed in black netting hold out their arms"? The treatment is eminently scholarly and encyclopaedic—the notes alone occupy no fewer than fifty pages—and more than a little dull, though I dare say part of this impression is due to the format of the series. The illustrations are beautifully chosen to cover both architecture, sculpture and painting, but it must be confessed that the volume is not very pleasant to the eye by to-day's standards.

* "Sculpture of Japan from the Fifth to the Fifteenth Century." By William Watson. Illustrated. (The Studio; £3 5s.)

* "Indonesia: The Art of an Island Group." By Frits A. Wagner. Illustrated. (Methuen; £2 2s.)

* "India: Five Thousand Years of Indian Art." By Hermann Goetz. Illustrated. (Methuen; £2 2s.)

* "Art and Architecture in Spain and Portugal and their American Dominions, 1500 to 1800." By George Kubler and Martin Soria. Illustrated. (Penguin; £3 10s.)

A REALIST PAINTER WITH A DIVERSITY OF STYLES: GUSTAVE COURBET.



"MARINE," BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877): PAINTED IN 1866, ONE OF THE WORKS BY THIS ARTIST NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART, U.S.A.



"VUE D'ORNANS AU CLOCHER," c. 1858: ONE OF THE MANY PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA WHICH ARE LOANED FROM ENGLISH COLLECTIONS.



"PORTRAIT DE LA COMTESSE KAROLY DE HONGRIE," 1865: A FINE EXAMPLE OF COURBET'S SKILL AS A PORTRAIT-PAINTER, FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION IN PARIS.



"LE SCULPTEUR," 1845: RATHER AFFECTED BY MODERN STANDARDS, BUT REPRESENTATIVE OF ONE OF HIS EARLIER STYLES.



"PORTRAIT OF H. J. VAN WISSELINGH," 1846: COURBET AT HIS MOST IMPRESSIVE AND FORMIDABLE—THE PICTURE IS HEAVY WITH DRAMATIC USE OF LIGHT AND SHADE.



"LES DEMOISELLES DE VILLAGE," 1851: A PRETTY LANDSCAPE, WARMED BY "VICTORIAN" SENTIMENT AND CHARM—FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



"COURBET AU CHIEN NOIR," 1842: ONE OF COURBET'S MOST DISTINGUISHED EARLY WORKS, WHICH IS ON LOAN FROM THE PETIT PALAIS, PARIS.

Courbet is an enigmatic painter. His styles vary greatly: at his best he is one of the true precursors of Impressionism; at his least impressive he is merely a pretentious and rather vulgar "Victorian" realist. Eighty-five of his paintings, drawn from both sides of the Atlantic, are now on exhibition in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, U.S.A., until February 14, after which they will travel to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The earliest work on view is a reclining nude painted when Courbet was twenty-one, while one of the last

is a Swiss scene painted in 1876, when he was fifty-seven, the year before he died. Courbet possessed a fiery personality, and had the mixed fortune to be born into an era which pandered to his temperament, for not only was it an age that was beginning to call in doubt the authority of the Salon judges, but also one of political unrest and vandalism. In both movements Courbet became embroiled, and the result was notoriety, a prison sentence and finally enforced self-exile in Switzerland, where he died after a painful illness.



THINGS TO REMEMBER IN NATURAL HISTORY—NO. 1: THE EVOLUTION OF LIFE. FROM THE JELLYFISH OF THE PRECAMBRIAN ERA TO MODERN HOMO SAPIENS.

It is almost exactly 100 years since Charles Darwin published his magnum opus, "On the Origin of Species . . ." The entire 1250 copies of the first edition were sold out on the day of publication, and a veritable hurricane of controversy hit the world of scientific thought. Now, 100 years afterwards, it is still worth while drawing attention to the value of the geological record as a demonstration of the truth of Evolution. This diagram of Life through the Ages, drawn by Mr. Neave Parker, shows the essential features of what is in

effect a highly complex story. Life begins in the sea long, long ago, and its story from that distant era to the modern age is one of a gradual and successful conquest of the earth's surface, by both plants and animals. At first the animals are all invertebrates; then the backboned creatures arise and diversify, adapting themselves to all elements and producing a number of mighty races of strange and differing forms that enjoyed success for many millions of years. Yet most of these died out, frequently without leaving any descendants.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. W. E. Swinton.

At the same time as these slow evolutions were taking place, the background was changing, too, as the diagram shows. One kind of vegetation replaced another, while it has been revealed that even mountains do not last for ever. Out of this complex and shifting scene come the lands we now know—lands which are peopled by their familiar inhabitants, plant, man and beast. Such a story has several lessons firstly, that all forms of life we know come from previously existing forms, so that there is a succession—a real evolution

—of living things. Secondly, it has generally been the unspecialised and less spectacular kinds of life that have tended to survive. Thirdly, all this has been accomplished against an enormous background of time, amply authenticated by modern chemo-physical means. Finally, a glance at the names of the geological periods on the left—especially the early ones—will show the large share British science has contributed to the unravelling of this story.

THE DAWN OF HELLENISM,
IN PLAQUES FROM CRETE.



FIG. 1. CLAY PLAQUES: (BELOW) BELLEROPHON AND PEGASUS; (ABOVE) PERHAPS THE EARLIEST PORTRAYAL OF CLYTEMNESTRA AND ÆGISTHUS KILLING AGAMEMNON.



FIG. 2. A POTTERY IMITATION OF AN ORIENTAL BRONZE CAULDRON WITH GRIFFIN-HEAD HANDLES. THIS IS VERY REMINISCENT OF PHRYGIAN OBJECTS FOUND IN RECENT YEARS AT GORDION.



FIG. 3. FRAGMENTS OF CLAY PLAQUES. (ABOVE) SPHINXES FLANKING A FLOWER; AND (BELOW) TWO YOUNG MEN HOLDING UP A LYRE. BOTH FROM THE REPOSITORY.



FIG. 4. AN ATTRACTIVE AND RATHER TOUCHING LITTLE CLAY FIGURINE FROM THE VOTIVE REPOSITORY: A LOADED MULE, WITH A PACK SADDLE.



FIG. 5. A GROUP OF KERNOI OR MULTIPLE LIBATION OR RITUAL VESSELS. THESE SEEM TO CONTINUE THE LATE MINOAN INGENUITY IN POTTERY DESIGN.



FIG. 6. CLAY PLAQUES FROM THE VOTIVE REPOSITORY, SHOWING A SPHINX, PASSANT REGARDANT, AND A FRAGMENT OF A DRAPED GODDESS—BOTH ORIENTAL IN STYLE AND FEELING.

On page 948 Professor Doro Levi describes one of the sites he has been excavating at Gortyna, not far from Phaistos, in Crete—a site intermediate in time between the sub-Mycenæan and the Protogeometric cultures; and here we reproduce some of the objects he found there. They vividly illustrate the transitional nature of the time by the way in which they seem to derive from a variety of sources. Two plaques show Bellerophon and Pegasus, and

Clytemnestra and Ægisthus killing Agamemnon—perhaps the first-known representation of this scene; another shows sphinxes rampant on either side of a flower in a style most reminiscent of the ivory plaque Professor Wace found at Mycenæ. The multiple libation pots recall a debased Minoan tradition, whereas the griffin-handled cauldron might well have come from the "Tomb of Midas" at Gordion, in Phrygia.



POST-MINOAN GODDESSES OF CRETE:
STATUETTES FROM GORTYNA.



FIG. 12. DISCOVERED IN THE WALLS OF THE LATER BYZANTINE REBUILDING OF THE ACROPOLIS TEMPLE: A FRAGMENTARY STONE RELIEF OF A TRIAD OF GODDESSES. THAT ON THE LEFT IS A CAST FROM THE RIGHT-HAND GODDESS.



FIG. 9. A CLAY STATUETTE FROM THE VOTIVE REPOSITORY. THIS CLEARLY SHOWS THE SURVIVING MINOAN INFLUENCE.



FIG. 10. POSSIBLY THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATION OF ATHENE IN HER "PALLADIUM" ASPECT: A STATUETTE OF c. 700 B.C.

ALL these goddesses shown on this page come from a temple on the summit of the acropolis at Gortyna, in Crete, or from a repository of votive objects on the slope of the acropolis. They date from the transitional period between the sub-Mycenæan and the Protogeometric ages, about the 7th century B.C., and they show, in fact, aspects of the earliest Hellenic religion. Although they show some Minoan influences, they perhaps reflect the growth of the Hellenic Athene out of the Oriental Astarte—who seem, in classical times, to have as little connection as the chaste Artemis and "Diana of the Ephesians." Professor Doro Levi's article is overleaf.



FIG. 11. A CURIOUSLY IMPRESSIVE FEMALE STATUETTE, WITH AN ODD SUGGESTION OF A JUDGE'S WIG. ABOUT 7 INS. HIGH AND IN THE "DÆDALIC" STYLE OF THE 7TH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 13. THREE STATUETTES OF A GODDESS, FOUND IN THE VOTIVE REPOSITORY, OF THE STYLE CALLED "DÆDALIC," AFTER THE MYTHICAL CRETAN ARTIST, DÆDALUS. THE STYLE FLOURISHED THROUGHOUT THE 7TH CENTURY B.C.

THE RELIGION OF THE EARLIEST HELLENES: VOTIVES FROM A POST-MYCENÆAN SHRINE. EXCAVATIONS AT GORTYNA, IN CRETE—PART I.

By Professor Doro Levi, Director of the Phaistos and Gortyna Excavation.

Professor Doro Levi is probably best known to our readers for his work at Phaistos, the great Minoan palace, second only to Knossos in importance; and articles on his excavations there have appeared in our issues of January 19, 1952; December 12, 1953; September 29, 1956; October 6, 1956; while a colour supplement illustrating some of the more remarkable vases found in those excavations appeared in our issue of November 24, 1956. More recently his excavators have devoted some time to the site of Gortyna, which, though well known for its monuments of the Roman period, had been thought wanting in Minoan or sub-Mycenæan remains. In this article the Professor describes a very early Hellenic temple discovered on the Acropolis; and in a subsequent article will describe the farm of a large Minoan landowner discovered not far from the Gortyna Acropolis.

DURING the Italian excavations at the Minoan Palace of Phaistos, in Crete, in the course of the last campaigns digging was also resumed at Gortyna. This town, placed in the fertile plain of Messarà, which opens southwards towards the Libyan Sea, at the time of the Roman Empire was the rich and extensive capital of the province of Crete and Libya. Its name became well known among scholars when, in 1884, the young Italian epigraphist, Federico Halbherr, discovered a long inscription built into a wall of its Roman Odeon: this is the famous code of ancient Gortynian laws, which is still the longest and among the earliest of Greek inscriptions. This discovery was the starting-point of extensive explorations throughout the island by Halbherr, soon followed by Italian colleagues and pupils and later by scholars of all countries, which eventually brought to light the Minoan civilisation.

In addition to the Odeon an imposing temple of Pythian Apollo, another one of Egyptian gods, the Prætorium, or Governor's palace, and the Roman Agora, as well as many other buildings, were excavated long ago by the Italians; but still the idea prevailed that Gortyna—unlike the other main Greek towns of Crete, such as Knossos and Phaistos—had not been the seat of pre-Hellenic settlers. This opinion was refuted by our discovery on top of the Acropolis hill—dominating the Lethæum valley and the nearby Odeon with its archaic inscription—of a very early Hellenic temple, built in the transitional moment between the late-Mycenæan or the sub-Mycenæan and the Protogeometric period. Dwellings of this period had had to be dismantled in order to make place for the temple, but others were found by us at a short distance on the hill's slopes. Beneath these ruins remains of walls and sherds were found which can be traced back to the very beginning of life in Crete, i.e., to the neolithic age.

The ruins of the early Hellenic temple (Fig. 14) were very poorly preserved because of reconstructions in all successive periods, the last two in Byzantine times. They reveal, however, a very curious temple plan, practically square, with inner partitions which seem to outline a threefold inner cella behind a large courtyard, a plan closer to that of Oriental than of early Greek shrines. In

nude female figures, each with a high *polos* (or high cylindrical hat) on her head, resting their hands on their bodies in the attitude of Astarte, the Anatolian goddess of nature and fertility, can also be seen on a small terracotta plaque, or *pinax* (Fig. 8), found nearby.

The aspects of the divinities worshipped in the temple and of its rites are illustrated not so well by the remains found among its ruins on top of the hill, as by those provided by a huge votive repository found on its eastern slopes, at the foot of the elongated platform of an altar. The very picturesque ruins of the altar, as well as those of the walls outlining the sacral area of the repository, present themselves in deeply curved lines because of the falling away of the hillside through the centuries (Fig. 15). The offerings included a large number of statuettes (Figs. 9 and 13), mostly in clay but also in stone and bronze, and of *pinakes* or tablets (Figs. 1, 3, 6, 7), most of these decorated in relief, but also some painted ones. We found, in addition, a great number of vases, some of ritual character, like the *kernoi* (Fig. 5) or multiple libation vessels and the clay imitations (Fig. 2) of large bronze cauldrons with griffin-shaped handles. There was a widespread importation of these bronze originals in early Greek times from the East, the source being as far as distant Urartu, in Armenia. We may also mention big clay altars or incense-burners and a quantity of miniature models of armour and the like in bronze. In a few words, this repository has revealed to us a large repertory of products from one of the most refined Cretan factories, extending from late Mycenæan times, through the dawn of Greek art down to late Greek and Roman products. Most impressive are the specimens belonging to the style, which flourished throughout the 7th century B.C., and is called "Dædelic," from the name of the mythical Cretan artist, Dædelus (Fig. 11).

Most statuettes represent goddesses, the already mentioned nude ones in the attitude of the goddess of generation (Figs. 9, 13), or those in the aspect of the goddess of nature dominating the cosmic forces, represented by her sacred animals or monstrous beings like sphinxes and griffins (Figs. 3, 6, 7), flanking her in a heraldic position. In classical Greek and in Roman times the cult in the temple is determined as one to Athena, since only this goddess' images are represented. But archaic statuettes also represent a warlike goddess wearing her weapons. From among them we reproduce a very impressive and very archaic one (Fig. 10), which dates about 700 B.C., perhaps the earliest image of Athena in her aspect of the "Palladium," originally wearing a helmet on her head and holding spear and shield with her hands. We may conclude that very likely our threefold goddesses of



FIG. 11. THE ACROPOLIS TEMPLE AT GORTYNA, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER.
This is a very early Hellenic temple, but it has been reconstructed at a number of subsequent periods, the last two rebuildings being in Byzantine time. It had, however, a very curious plan, almost square, with, apparently, three cellas and a large courtyard—more Oriental in style than early Greek.



FIG. 15. THE RUINS OF THE REPOSITORY OF VOTIVE OFFERINGS, WITH THE ALTAR (ABOVE)—ON THE EAST SLOPE OF THE ACROPOLIS OF GORTYNA JUST BELOW THE TEMPLE.
The picturesque curve of these ruins is due to the gradual falling away of the hillside during the centuries. The walls in the foreground surround the repository which contained the majority of the objects discussed in this article.

its centre a well, carefully-built of square alabaster blocks, remained probably the main feature in the Byzantine churches, used then as a Baptistry, and gave the name of St. John both to the church and to the hill. Most of the fragments of stone sculpture recovered came from the dismantled Byzantine walls. From among them a large relief (Fig. 12), representing three divine figures, was used very likely as a cult image in the temple. Three

Gortyna, as well as the three different images representing goddesses in the archaic period, are not representations of three different goddesses but of three different aspects of the single pre-Hellenic, Minoan Mother Goddess. From her the goddess Athena of the Greek Pantheon inherited essentially her first function of a warlike divinity, protecting the King's palace and the kingdom.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT TO SOUTH LONDON YOUTH CLUBS.



AT THE KENNINGTON CLUBS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCHING BOYS BUSY ON ONE OF HIS OWN HOBBIES—"MESSING ABOUT WITH SMALL BOATS."



IN THE CHRIST CHURCH UNITED CLUBS: PRINCE PHILIP TALKING WITH THE GIRLS ABOUT THEIR MINCE-PIES—WHICH HE PROCEEDED TO SAMPLE.



"THIS IS MY LATEST WORK," THE NINE-YEAR-OLD ARTIST ANNOUNCED TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT KENNINGTON; "AND IT IS STILL UNFINISHED...."



MAKING MODEL AIRCRAFT CALLS FOR CONCENTRATION—AND SO DOES THE EXPLANATION, TOO. A SCENE DURING THE DUKE'S VISIT TO THE CHRIST CHURCH UNITED CLUBS ON DECEMBER 15.



IN ALL, THE DUKE VISITED THREE CLUBS ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 15; AND HE IS HERE BEING MOBBED BY THE DELIGHTED MEMBERS OF THE WAPPING BOYS' CLUB.



BILLIARDS IS NOT USUALLY A LAUGHING MATTER—BUT SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE AMUSED THE DUKE DURING HIS VISIT TO THE WAPPING BOYS' CLUB.

On December 15, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, who is patron of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, attended a meeting at 10, Belgrave Square and later paid a visit to three South London clubs. He was accompanied by Sir Basil Henriques, who is the President of the Federation, and Mr. James Orr was in attendance. The clubs he visited were the Christ Church (Oxford) United Clubs in Kennington, the Canterbury, Oxford and Bermondsey Boys'



PHYSICAL TRAINING IS A POPULAR FEATURE OF BOYS' CLUBS; AND HERE, THE DUKE, AT WAPPING, IS WATCHING A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD LIFTING A 35-LB. WEIGHT.

Club and the Wapping Boys' Club. As our photographs show, he was able to see a great number of different types of activity in progress; and, as they also reveal, to take a very lively interest in them. As well as showing the keen Royal interest in the work of the boys' clubs, the photographs also show the sort of activities which are carried on there in the course of this most excellent work among young people in London.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



UNTIL little more than a century ago—yesterday, as you might say—the gorilla was unknown to us. Before 1847 it was as legendary as the Abominable Snowman is to-day. For 2000 years, off and on, there had been rumours, travellers' tales, speculation, conjecture—and disbelief. The first mention of the name, if not of the beast itself, takes us back to the second century B.C. The Carthaginian Hanno, in his "Periplus," told of wild men on an island on the west coast of Equatorial Africa "... entirely covered with hair and our interpreters called them *gorilloi*." The "women" were said to be more numerous than the "men," and both escaped by clambering up the rocks, defending themselves by hurling stones at their pursuers. Subsequent writers have taken the view that the *gorilloi* were baboons, but this can never be known for certain. Hanno continued: "We only caught three women, who resisted by biting and scratching their conductors; and we were forced to kill them. We skinned them and brought back their skins to Carthage." The skins were placed in the Temple of Astarte where, as Pliny tells us, they remained until the capture of the city in 146 B.C.

The next we hear of the gorillas is from an English sailor, Andrew Battel, who was captured in 1590 by the Portuguese and subsequently served with them in Angola. There he heard from the local Africans stories of two forest monsters, man-like in appearance, which were known respectively as pongo and engecko, the latter being the chimpanzee which has been known to Europeans since 1598. Battel's account of the pongo was published by Purchas in 1625, and although certain parts of it are fanciful it remains a recognisable description of the gorilla we know to-day.

Battel was only a sailor, so, as might be expected, many men of science, including the great Cuvier, refused to accept his story, although Buffon did so. Yet the rumours persisted, and in 1819 Bowditch declared that the gorilla was by far the largest and strongest of the many curious apes found in the Gabun district of West Africa. In 1847, however, the matter was put beyond doubt. A missionary, Dr. Savage, sent drawings of a skull of the gorilla to Sir Richard Owen, and later in the same year two actual skulls reached England. At about the same time, another skull and a description of the animal itself were sent to Professor Jeffries Wyman, of Boston, U.S.A. In 1851, a complete skeleton reached the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and a second skeleton was sent to Philadelphia. Finally, in 1856, Du Chaillu went to the Gabun, and two years later, a complete gorilla preserved in spirit reached the British Museum.

Although the existence of the gorilla was now set beyond doubt there was still very little known about the live animal itself, and Winwood Reade, who made a special journey to study it, expressed the opinion that up to 1863 no living gorilla had been seen by a European, for although Du Chaillu had reported on the tremendous strength and ferocity of this large ape, there is some doubt whether he was not merely passing on the stories collected from the local Africans.

Whether the original *gorilloi* of Hanno were, in fact, the gorillas we know to-day, whether Du Chaillu ever saw one in the wild, are matters of little consequence beside the fact that in the century that has elapsed since its discovery, very little has been added to our knowledge of the gorilla as a free, wild animal. Gorillas have been slaughtered, by African hunters and white

MEET THE GORILLAS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

collectors, and many have been captured and sent to zoos. More recently attempts have been made to photograph them in the wild, but with little success. At least one film had been taken, by driving a family of gorillas into a corral, but the results added little to our knowledge of their ways. Something has been learned about them in the wild, by the occasional fleeting observation of them and from the traces they leave behind of their feeding and of their sleeping platforms. What we do know is that gorillas can quickly detect the presence of a human intruder and can,

sequence showing the woodpecker's tongue searching the galleries in rotten wood for insects. Some of the best shots in the new film are of long tongues, this time of the pangolin and the aardvark—the Sielmann touch.

Incidentally, the story of that film has now been published in a handsome volume, plentifully illustrated in black-and-white and colour, under the title "My Year with the Woodpeckers," by Heinz Sielmann (Barrie and Rockliff; 21s.). Anyone who remembers the film will want to see this book.

"Lords of the Forest" is a CinemaScope picture presented by the International Scientific Foundation of Belgium and directed by Heinz Sielmann and Henry Brandt. It was filmed under the auspices of H.M. King Leopold III of Belgium, the work being carried out in the National Parks of the Belgian Congo. These parks are unique among the national parks of the world in being devoted to preserving the flora and fauna exclusively for scientific study. It is to the credit of the Belgians, and especially to those responsible for the foundation and maintenance of the parks, that, in a world in which virgin territory is rapidly dwindling, these areas have been retained. And a large part of the credit must go to the unremitting efforts of Professor Victor Van Straelen, President of the Institut des Parcs nationaux du Congo Belge.

Had the main strongholds of the gorilla been anywhere else than in the Belgian Congo, it is doubtful whether there would be many of these great apes left to photograph. So, out of the whole of this most attractive film, I would choose the sequences showing a family of gorillas, free and unrestrained and behaving completely naturally, to emphasise the significance of the work so far done in the Congo National Parks and the value of its being continued. Anyone who knows anything about the ways of gorillas will not be surprised to learn that it took the photographers a whole year to get the sequences.

The future of the Congo National Parks must be still somewhat in the balance. The main purpose of this film is given in King Leopold's introductory remarks: "In view of the rapid changes taking place in the world to-day, it seemed desirable to preserve in picture and sound some reflection of the surviving vestiges of the ancient life of the Congo." The Belgian Congo is on the eve of independence, and a new state with vast responsibilities must be occupied at

first, of necessity, with urgent economic problems and with little time for altruistic measures. For it, the local populations with a need for proteins must have first consideration, and outside the National Parks these local populations will tend to be influenced by the behaviour in the past of visiting white hunters whose aims and methods have been anything but altruistic. In the event, even the National Parks may be jeopardised.

The case is put in "Pourquoi Pas" for October 31, 1959: "The hard fight put up by the Institut des Parcs nationaux du Congo Belge, which has achieved such splendid results to date, is not finished. Belgian public opinion and international opinion, no less than African public opinion, must be responsible for the future of the National Parks, and it is up to us to help Van Straelen and his team of workers to preserve this unique heritage for the world, so that future generations may take advantage of them *d'une manière de plus en plus grande et de plus en plus complète*."

"Lords of the Forest" may help to carry this message around the world—through the medium of good entertainment.



A HUGE WILD ANIMAL, LEGENDARY BEFORE 1847, NOW PHOTOGRAPHED SUCCESSFULLY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS NATURAL SETTING IN THE BELGIAN CONGO: THE GORILLA, THE MALE OF WHICH MAY WEIGH OVER 400 LB. THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF A GROUP OF GORILLAS IS FROM THE FILM, "LORDS OF THE FOREST," DISCUSSED HERE BY DR. BURTON AND ALSO REVIEWED ON THE "WORLD OF THE CINEMA" PAGE.

when disturbed, disappear into the undergrowth without sound or sign. For the rest, we now know that a gorilla is inoffensive unless threatened, but will fight to the death in defence of its own kind.

It is precisely our ignorance on these matters that gives importance to the scenes of gorillas wild in the forests of the Congo, as shown in the film "Lords of the Forest." It is a very fine film by any standards, introducing the viewer, in a spectacular manner, to the geological history and the geography of the great Rift Valley of Africa, as well as to the vegetation and the animals living there. Not least are the scenes of local African customs and dances. The film is, in all respects, an epic in the presentation of natural history.

This is to speak highly of it, for there have been many good natural history films within recent years. One that made history was by Heinz Sielmann. It gave us the first intimate glimpses into the private lives of woodpeckers. To quote James Fisher, it created a sensation on British television—and probably elsewhere also. Although it was first shown in this country several years ago, people still remember it and especially the

**GORILLAS IN THE WILD : SHOTS FROM
A BRILLIANT NEW FILM.**



SUCCESSFULLY FILMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS WILD STATE: THE GORILLA, WHOSE GIANT SIZE AND FORMIDABLE APPEARANCE MAKE IT ONE OF THE TRUE "KINGS" OF THE ANIMAL WORLD.



HARMLESS UNLESS THREATENED BUT MERCILESS IF ANY OF ITS KIND IS ATTACKED: THE GORILLA, SEEN IN A SHOT FROM THE NEW FILM "LORDS OF THE FOREST."



RESEMBLING A GIANT AND FEARSOME CHRISTMAS TOY: THIS HUGE BEAST FROM THE CONGO JUNGLE POSSESSES ENORMOUS STRENGTH IN THOSE FORE-ARMS. IT IS NOTORIOUSLY HARD TO PHOTOGRAPH.



SHOWING THE BONY CRESTS OVER ITS EYE-SOCKETS WHICH IMMEDIATELY DISTINGUISH THE GORILLA FROM THE CHIMPANZEE. A MALE MAY STAND OVER 6 FT. IN HEIGHT.



THE LARGEST KNOWN PRIMATE: A MALE GORILLA MAY WEIGH OVER 400 LB., AND IN ITS HUMID NATIVE FORESTS WILL DEVELOP THICK FOLDS OF FAT AND MUSCLE.

These shots are some of the first ever taken of gorillas in their wild state, and are from the remarkable new natural history film, "Lords of the Forest," which was made in the huge forest reserves of Belgian Congo under the personal supervision of ex-King Leopold of Belgium. This film is the subject of part of Dr. Burton's article on the previous page, and is reviewed on the "World of the Cinema" page. Many myths accumulated round the

gorilla. It was granted a legendary existence and behaviour many years before its true existence became firmly established, in the middle of the last century. Among the numerous apocryphal stories which accumulated is that it would seize passing natives with one of its feet and drag them into the trees above, there to devour them. Another was that it would drive off elephants with clubs. The secretiveness of its habits made these stories hard to disprove.

AN ECCENTRIC GENIUS.

"THE GOLD OF TROY." By ROBERT PAYNE.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

WHEN the reader of this book finally and reluctantly lays it down he will almost certainly have come to the conclusion that the subject of it, Heinrich Schliemann, was more than a little mad, but it was a madness without which the cause of archaeological research would have been the poorer. The son of a dissolute and impoverished North German minister of religion, he made four fortunes, and then, in middle life, he succumbed to the spell of Homer. The millionaire, who at heart is a romantic, is by no means uncommon, but few have allowed those romantic hearts to control their lives to the extent that Schliemann did, for he spent money like water in the excavation of Troy, Mycenæ, and Tiryns; much of what he did was very unscientific by modern standards, but he blazed a trail in archaeology, and nobody can ever rob him of the credit for that.

The Greeks had an infuriating habit of making myths out of realities, and the result was that until our own time much of what they recorded about earlier man was dismissed as a mere fairy tale; the Victorians, contemptuous of all civilisations save their own, were particularly sceptical, and it never seems to have occurred to them that legends such as that of the Golden Fleece and the Siege of Troy were in reality based upon historical events to which poets and dramatists had given a fanciful form. In effect, these old fables and legends conceal, as in a code, a great deal of maritime lore and commercial knowledge.

The whole plot of the "Iliad" is subject to interpretation along these lines. Just as the Carthaginians in later times closed the Straits of Gibraltar, so the Trojans denied to foreign ships entry to the Black Sea, and it may well be that the legend of the Symplegades, those fearful rocks of the Dardanelles which clapped together at short intervals, crushing any ships that happened to be between them, refers in mythical guise to the naked political fact that no Greek ship could pass through the straits unmolested. If this view be accepted, then the war against Troy was nothing else than the forcible elimination of the Trojan blockade of a waterway of which the unobstructed use was essential to Greek economy, and it had nothing whatsoever to do with the rape of a beautiful woman, which was mere propaganda. However this may be, there can be no doubt that the Greeks attached enormous importance to uninterrupted access to the Black Sea, and there are a number of records of reckless speculation on the Athenian Corn Exchange in which the "bulls," in order to drive up the price, circulated the rumour that the straits were being blockaded.

It is not suggested that Schliemann, however hard-headed he might be in his indigo transactions, took so realistic a view—he was far too much of a romantic. He was hypnotised by Homer, and that was the driving-force behind his actions for many a long year:

He must find the evidence and bring it to light and prove incontestably that Homer existed and wrote about battles still warm in the memories of men. When he went beyond this and attempted to prove that he had looked upon the face of Agamemnon dead and hung Helen's diadem on his wife's forehead, he was greeted with derisive laughter, but it is at least possible that his claim was justified. His greatest merit was that he clothed the more shadowy statements of Homer in flesh and gave them more substance than they ever possessed before. He discovered no writing except a few scratched fragments in Troy, but all his discoveries were in the nature of a Homeric poem suddenly unearthed and laid before an unbelieving world. He found the fountain-head, and beyond there was no need to go.

In the end it was not the Troy of Homer that he excavated at all. He seems to have had doubts while he was alive, but it was not until after his death that Dörpfeld verified the fact. The author tells us that at the point where Schliemann had been digging Homeric Troy had been levelled to make room for the Roman city of Novum Ilium. In those days when archaeology was in its infancy, it was easy to make a mistake of this nature, for much that is now common knowledge was then hardly even suspected. When, for example, Schliemann was working at Mycenæ in 1876 he found an ostrich egg, and although he at first put the wrong construction

which was later found in the treasure-chambers of Thotmes III, and from the information in his possession he could not have known that the Mycenæans, like the Cretans, ventured on to the high seas at a very early period.

Never very well-balanced, his enthusiasm at times led him to the most extravagant conclusions:

Among the theories which Schliemann clung to throughout his life was the gradual decay of heroism. It seemed to him that heroism was concentrated in a quite extraordinary degree in the great heroes of archaic Greece, and never since then had it flowered with the same intensity. Great men had walked the earth at Troy and Mycenæ; and from that day to this the world had suffered at the hands of lesser men. There were, however, occasional exceptions to the rule. Schliemann was inclined to believe that Tsar Alexander II, murdered by Nihilists in St. Petersburg in March 1881, belonged to the ranks of the authentic heroes. A still more shining example was General Gordon, whose fortunes in the Sudan he followed with avid interest.

In these circumstances, it is not surprising to hear that when the news of Gordon's death reached him he removed the signed photograph of Gladstone, whom, in common with many other people, he held responsible for the tragedy, from his study, and punished the G.O.M. by transferring it to the water-closet.

In the main, Schliemann's contemporaries did recognise his merits. He was made an honorary citizen of Berlin, an honour which had previously only been bestowed upon Bismarck and Moltke; at an exhibition of the treasures which he had brought back from the Mediterranean his wife was escorted into the refreshment-room by the German Crown Prince, later the Kaiser Wilhelm II; and when he died in Athens in 1891 the King of the Hellenes came to pay his respects. Schlie-

mann was not, it must be confessed, an attractive figure, and his biographer, after stating that "he retained to the end of his life the habits which had made him a successful bank clerk," finally dismisses him as "a slow, cautious, complex, devious man, often pompous and ill-tempered, with no natural nobility in him."

Nevertheless, the real tragedy of Schliemann belongs to more recent times. The treasure—that gold of Troy which has given Mr. Payne the title of his book—remained in Berlin until the end of the Second World War, at the outbreak of which it was hidden in a deep bunker under the Tiergarten. Unhappily it was discovered by the Russians in the spring of 1945, and removed to the U.S.S.R.; "to-day," we are told, "only the Russians know where it is." In his new-found zeal for cultural relations with the outside world, perhaps Mr. Khrushchev will now supply the missing information.

* "The Gold of Troy: The Story of Heinrich Schliemann and the Buried Cities of Ancient Greece." By Robert Payne. Illustrated. (Robert Hale; 18s.)



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. ROBERT PAYNE. Born in Cornwall in 1911, Robert Payne was educated in London, Cape Province, Liverpool and Paris. He has worked as a shipyard apprentice, Inspector of Taxes, Correspondent for *The Times* and as a Professor at Alabama College. His private interests are similarly wide. He is a teacher, and has published several books, including novels, volumes of poetry and non-fiction. He now lives in New York.



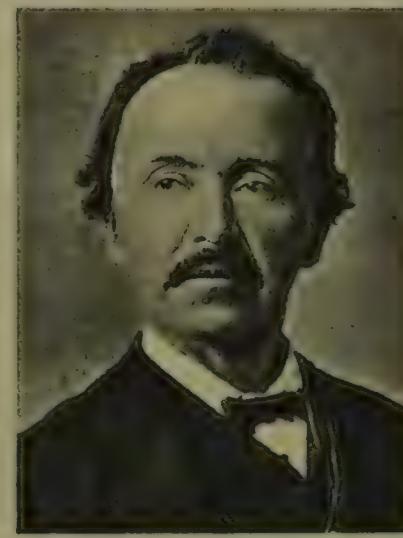
A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY SCHLIEMANN HIMSELF OF THE TREASURE HE DISCOVERED AT TROY DURING HIS EXCAVATIONS AND BELIEVED TO DATE FROM THE TIMES DESCRIBED BY HOMER.

(These illustrations from the book "The Gold of Troy" are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Robert Hale Ltd., London.)



SOPHIE SCHLIEMANN, THE YOUNG WIFE WHOM HE CHOSE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BECAUSE OF HER BEAUTY AND HER INTEREST IN HOMER, SHOWN WEARING THE DIADEM OF TROY FOUND BY SCHLIEMANN.

of Amenhotep II, a Pharaoh of the XVIIIth Dynasty, and one or two other Egyptian articles of the same period. As Mycenæ is four hours' journey from the sea it never occurred to Schliemann that these treasures might have been imported in Mycenaean ships, and he therefore constructed a theory of a cultural relationship which originally linked Egypt with Asia Minor, and later included Mycenæ as well. He knew nothing, of course, of the collection of Mycenaean pottery



A STUDY OF THE GREAT PIONEER ARCHAEOLOGIST, HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN, IN MIDDLE AGE: AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BOOK REVIEWED BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE ON THIS PAGE.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TO CAPTAIN THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS: MR. D. J. McGLEW.

Mr. D. J. McGlew, the outstanding South African batsman, has been appointed Captain of the South African team which is to tour England in the summer of 1960. McGlew, well-known for his fighting qualities, in the Tests at Manchester and Leeds in 1955 made 104 not out and 133 in the respective matches.



TO ATTEND THE QUEEN DURING HER CONFINEMENT: SISTER HELEN ROWE.

It was announced on December 17 that the baby which the Queen is expecting in the new year will be born at Buckingham Palace. Miss Helen Rowe, who was in attendance at the birth at the Palace of Prince Charles in 1948 and of Princess Anne at Clarence House in 1950, will once again attend a Royal confinement.



SECRETARY TO THE MONCKTON COMMISSION: MR. M. D. TENNANT.

Mr. M. D. Tennant, who is forty-eight, has been appointed Secretary-General to the Advisory Commission set up to review the Constitution of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Mr. Tennant is an Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Labour and he will leave his present job for the period of the commission's work.



DR. F. WANKEL, DEVELOPER OF A REVOLUTIONARY ENGINE.

Dr. Felix Wankel, the brilliant German engineer, whose researches have led to the development of the epoch-making NSU rotary engine, was born in 1902 at Lahr, in the Black Forest. After early work on the sealing of high-pressure lubricators he began to carry out his brilliant work on the internal combustion engine.



AT PRESENT HOLDER OF THE WORLD ALTITUDE RECORD: CAPT. J. B. JORDAN, U.S. AIR FORCE, WHO HAS BROKEN CDR. FLINT'S RECORD—REPORTED IN OUR PREVIOUS ISSUE. Captain J. B. Jordan, who attained 103,395.5 ft. in a Lockheed F104C, exceeding the U.S. Navy's mark of 98,560 ft., is at present holder of the world record. Both altitudes, however, have yet to be ratified.



SEVEN OF THE EIGHT NEW CARDINALS WITH CARDINAL TARDINI, THE VATICAN SECRETARY OF STATE, BEFORE THEY RECEIVED THE RED HAT ON DECEMBER 16.

Here seven of the eight recently-created Cardinals are shown before the Pope conferred the red hat on them. (Left to right) Cardinal Meyer, Archbishop of Chicago; Cardinal Muench, also from the U.S.A.; Cardinal Testa, Cardinal Tardini, Cardinal Larraona, Cardinal Morano, Cardinal Heard, and Cardinal Bea, Confessor to the late Pope.



A GREAT AND CONTROVERSIAL AMERICAN LABOUR LEADER TO RESIGN: MR. JOHN L. LEWIS.

Mr. John L. Lewis, who is seventy-nine, has announced that he will resign the presidency of the United Mineworkers Union, a post he has held since 1919. His long and stormy career in leading his union has resulted in its workers becoming the most highly paid in the U.S. He is to be succeeded by Mr. Thomas Kennedy.



AT A LUNCHEON GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR, AT THE SAVOY: VISCOUNT DUNROSSIL (CENTRE), WITH SIR ERIC HARRISON (LEFT) AND LORD BAILLIEU. Viscount Dunrossil, Governor-General Designate of the Commonwealth of Australia, was entertained to lunch at the Savoy Hotel, London, on December 16. The Duke of Gloucester, President of the Australia Club, Sir Eric Harrison, High Commissioner for Australia, and Lord Baillieu were among the distinguished persons present.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINEWORKERS UNION: MR. THOMAS KENNEDY.

Mr. Thomas Kennedy, who is seventy-two, is to succeed Mr. John L. Lewis as President of the United Mineworkers. He has been Vice-President of the Union for twelve years. He will become the leader of the 220,000 coal-miners of the United States. Mr. Kennedy has been a member of the Union for sixty years.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

OF garden shrubs associated with Christmas mistletoe is the most interesting: its fresh spring look in mid-winter; its singular habit of growth; its simple form and exquisite

symmetry; its legend and literature, must all attract the curious gardener. At first sight it does not belong in the garden; for it is a parasite. But it will embellish, without harming, the stark winter beauty of an ancient apple, hawthorn or poplar tree; and it is easily cultivated. Squash a ripe berry against a branch of a suitable host; the sticky matter surrounding the seed will harden into a gum in which the seed will germinate, sending its radicle down into the bark of the host. Thereafter, do nothing, just wait. The specimen in my picture was so planted twenty years ago in the garden of my neighbour Mr. W. T. Kennet, who kindly allowed me to have it photographed. It was sheared off by an officious gardener nine years ago, regenerated, and is now in the ninth year of its second life. It measures 40 ins. in diameter. In Normandy I have seen mistletoe bushes, perfect spheres, a yard through, usually on black poplar, but it is there very common on apple. At Chilham, in Kent, it grows at a great height on elm. A point to be noted is that although all mistletoes commonly met with are *Viscum album*, there are races within the genus (which itself includes seventy species of parasitic evergreens), these races being particular in their choice of host. The mistletoe of *Abies* will not grow on *Pinus*, nor that of *Pinus* on *Malus*; that of *Malus*, however, the mistletoe of commerce, will "take" on apple, hawthorn, poplar and other trees. And even, if you be beloved of the heathen gods, on oak, its rarest host, and the one which conferred on it that sacred character so important to the Druids.

The name from which all Teutonic language names derive is *mistletein* (Old Icelandic), and it apparently means no more than "slender twig." Now in the *Voluspa* it is written: concerning the death of Balder, when the young god dreamt that he would die, his mother, Frigga, caused fire and water, trees and all things that were, to swear never to harm him. Thereafter the Asen amused themselves in Valhalla by throwing things at Balder, none harming him. Envious and angry, Loke, changing himself into an old woman, asked Frigga whether indeed all things had taken the oath. Frigga answered him, saying, "There is a slender one called Mistletein growing far to the west of Valhalla, which seemed too young and feeble to ask an oath from." Loke sought and tore down the shrub and pressing it into the hand of Hoder, who had cast nothing at Balder because he was blind and weaponless, bade him also honour Balder by throwing this slight thing at him. Then Hoder, Loke guiding his hand, hurled the mistletoe at Balder, who fell pierced to the heart.

So rarely does mistletoe grow on oak that perhaps a race specific to that tree was exterminated as part of the Roman, and later Christian, persecution of the Druidical faith and its vestiges. On the other hand, it seems always to have been more or less rare. Pliny remarks on this.* It would seem, however, to have become even rarer. Mistletoe being very common in Herefordshire a century ago, when a hundred tons a year were exported from that county to the London markets at Christmas time (the return was £4 a ton), and the oak being "the weed of Herefordshire," a Dr. Bull made a search for mistletoe on Herefordshire oaks. He found only two, in Eastnor Park and at Tedstone Delamere; and in a search of all England which he organised, only seven instances.

The reason for the association of mistletoe with Christmas is fairly obvious. It is associated not with the Christian feast, of course, but with the winter solstice. It is true that the great Celtic New Year festival when the

MISTILTEIN.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

mistletoe was cut from an oak with a golden sickle occurred on the day nearest to March 10 when the moon was six days old. But differences about dates do not affect rites. Moreover, the festival to Saturn, among the Romans, fell in December, and mistletoe was dedicated to Saturn. Finally, our use of mistletoe at Christmas is quite new. Certainly, until a century ago, it was the plant of New Year, not of Christmas, celebrations.

Celtic respect for the strange shrub was not merely superstitious. It was also, in a manner, scientific, for mistletoe seems to have been considered almost a cure-all, and had good standing in medicine for at least fifteen centuries after the last Druid was massacred by the Roman imperialists: Gerarde, writing in 1636, says, "A few berries



THE MISTLETOE ON MR. HYAMS' NEIGHBOUR'S APPLE-TREE. PLANTED TWENTY YEARS AGO, THIS MISTLETOE WAS CUT HARD BACK AND THIS REPRESENTS THE SECOND GROWTH, NOW NINE YEARS OLD.

Photograph by Douglas Weaver.

bruised and strained into oil and drunken hath presently and forthwith cured a sore stitch." Galen had the same respect for the herb and says, in Gerarde's own translation, that mistletoe, "... draweth humours from the deepest and most secret parts of the body ... digesting them."

However, the plant was chiefly revered for what Taliesin calls its "fructifying quality," that is it was a fertility herb—god-killing and regeneration rites, remember that the mistletoe killed Balder, are usually solstitial: hence, of course, its

one remaining practical use! And if, in England, it has got its season shifted to Christmas, a New Year greeting among sufficiently elderly Normans is still apt to be, "*Au gui l'an neuf*," *gui* being French for mistletoe.

Medicine was by no means the only practical, as opposed to religious and mystical, use of mistletoe. In times past the Prussian peasantry used to dry and grind the mistletoe in famine years, and mix it with the rye flour to make their bread. And in England the green plant was used as sheep fodder when the ground was deep in snow: says Tusser in his "Husbandrie,"

*If snowe do continue, sheepe hardly that fare
Crave mistle and ivie for them to spare.*

How long after the first century A.D. did the reputation, not medicinal or pastoral, but, as it were, fructifical, of the mistletoe survive? Among the peasantry, no doubt, for a thousand years; indeed, since it is still the kissing herb, we can not say that it is extinct even now. At all events it would seem that mistletoe cut specifically from oak, i.e., fully potent in the matter of fertility promotion, was in demand in the late 17th century. In one of Colepeper's MSS. in the British Museum there is a note about Sir Peter Freschville's house at Stavely, in Derbyshire, which contains this passage: "Heare my lord Freschville did live and heare grows the famous Mistletoe-tree, the onlie oak in England that bears mistletoe." And there is a letter, undated but which can be placed between 1663 and 1682, from the Countess of Danby to Mrs. Colepeper which refers to this same tree:

Dear Cozen,

*Pray if you have any of the Mistletoe of yr father's
oak, oblige me so far as to send sum of it to yr most
affectionat servant, Bridget Danby.*

Had the countess wanted mistletoe for medicinal purposes she could have found it on apple or poplar in her own domain. It was evidently important that it be cut from oak. Were the earl and countess wanting an heir?

And there is other evidence that this curious plant was never detached from its pagan associations: for it is so rare in decorative carving in churches that the omission can hardly be fortuitous. The forms and leaves and flowers of almost every native plant, and notably of oak, are to be found exquisitely wrought in wood or stone by the ancient carvers; the highly formal pattern in which mistletoe naturally grows seems to offer itself as a model for the artist. Yet there appears to be only one instance of its occurrence in church carving—it is improbable that others could have escaped notice; sprays of leaf and berries of mistletoe fill the spandrels of a tomb in Bristol cathedral. And not only do representations of mistletoe in stone and wood seem to have been excluded from churches, but the plant itself from their decoration.

Can we be certain that mistletoe is a mere parasite? I am not aware that the question has ever been investigated by a plant pathologist, but could its partnership with the host-tree not be symbiotic rather than parasitic? I have seen scores, perhaps hundreds, of trees carrying great quantities of mistletoe, but I do not recall ever seeing one seriously debilitated by this burden. Unlike many parasitic plants the *Viscums* have leaves, and chlorophyl, that is they function as true green plants. May it not be that the host can, on warm days in late autumn after its own leaves have fallen, and on similar days in early spring, make use of the mistletoe leaves? The suggestion may be phyto-physiological nonsense; but it would be interesting to be quite sure.

* *Est autem id rarum admodum inventum, et repertum magna religione petitur. Pliny: "Natural History," xvi. c. 44.*



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FOR AUCTION IN LONDON: DUTCH PICTURES, INCLUDING A "LOST" REMBRANDT.



"THE FLOODED ROAD," BY JAN SIBERECHTS (1627-1703): ONE OF THE PAINTINGS FROM THE VAN AALST COLLECTION FOR AUCTION AT CHRISTIE'S ON APRIL 1. (Oil on canvas; 27 by 39 ins.)



"A RIVER LANDSCAPE WITH COWS AND PEASANTS," BY AELBERT CUYP (1620-1691): A FINE SIGNED LANDSCAPE FROM THE SAME COLLECTION. (Oil on panel; 23 by 28½ ins.)

ON April 1 Christie's are holding what the Chairman has called "the most important sale of Dutch Old Masters since the war." It consists of fifty-five Dutch pictures from the collection of the late Dr. C. J. K. van Aalst, a Dutch banker who was honoured by Great Britain with a K.B.E. for services to British banking, and who formed his magnificent collection only a year or two before the outbreak of the Second World War. He died shortly afterwards, and this sale is on behalf of his son, Mr. N. J. van Aalst. One painting above all others from this [Continued below, centre.]



"PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT," BY CAREL FABRITIUS (c. 1620-1654): A MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT, BY REMBRANDT'S GIFTED PUPIL, WHO DIED YOUNG. (Oil on canvas; 14½ by 12 ins.)



"JUNO," BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669): THE OUTSTANDING PICTURE IN THE SALE. THE MODEL SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN THE PAINTER'S MISTRESS, HENDRICKJE. (Oil on canvas; 49 by 52 ins.)

Continued.] disappeared until it turned up again in 1936 and became hailed as a "lost" masterpiece. The model for this painting was probably Rembrandt's mistress, Hendrickje Stoffels, the subject of many of his other works. The sale also contains a second Rembrandt—an early work—and a superb portrait of the artist by his brilliant and short-lived pupil, Carel Fabritius. Among important pictures not illustrated here are: a Hobbema, two Salomon Ruysdaels, a Van Goyen, a Backhuysen, a Konincke, an Abraham Storck, a Rachel Ruysch, a Bonaventura Peeters, and a Willaerts.



"A GIRL WITH A MANDOLIN," BY JAN MOREELSE (1571-1638). FIFTY-FIVE PAINTINGS FROM THE VAN AALST COLLECTION ARE TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S. (Oil on panel; 29 by 24½ ins.)



"THE CONTINENCE OF SCIPIO," BY JAN STEEN (1626-1679): ANOTHER FINE WORK, IN A STYLE COMPARATIVELY UNUSUAL FOR STEEN. (Oil on canvas; 35 by 58 ins.)



"TOBIT GREETING THE RETURNING TOBIAS," ALMOST CERTAINLY BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, ALTHOUGH LONG THOUGHT TO BE BY DOU. (Oil on canvas; 42 by 56 ins.)

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN—HORSES, CLOWNS,
ELEPHANTS AND BIRDS AT BERTRAM MILLS.



(Left.)
"THE BALLET OF THE BIRDS": THE UNUSUAL AND CHARMING ACT PRESENTED BY FABIOLA, A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG AUSTRIAN GIRL, WHOSE WHITE PIGEONS ARE TRAINED TO PERFORM A GREAT VARIETY OF EVOLUTIONS.

(Right.)
THE TEN CAROLIS—SIX MEN AND FOUR GIRLS—DESCRIBED AS THE "WORLD'S LARGEST EQUESTRIAN AGGREGATION," WHO GIVE A THRILLING DISPLAY OF BAREBACK RIDING IN THIS YEAR'S CIRCUS.



THE ALBERT SCHUMANN LIBERTY HORSES RISE ON THEIR HINDLEGS TO A CRACK OF THE WHIP FROM THEIR MASTER IN ONE OF THE CIRCUS'S CLASSICAL POSES.



PIERCED TO THE HEART, ONE OF THE FRANCESCO'S, A GROUP OF MUSICAL CLOWNS, IS CARRIED OFF BY HIS SORROWING FRIENDS TO A TRUMPET VOLUNTARY TRIO.



ONE OF GOSTA KRUSE'S YOUNG ELEPHANTS DISPLAYING ITS SKILL AS A MOTORIST. THESE ELEPHANTS, BEING YOUNG, ARE MUCH MORE NIMBLE THAN MOST CIRCUS ELEPHANTS.

The Bertram Mills Circus, one of the great highlights of the London Christmas season for children of all ages up to ninety, opened to the public at Olympia on December 18. On the previous evening the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne were unexpected visitors at a Charity Gala performance and were spotted among the audience by Coco the clown. After the performance the two Royal children had a turn on the dodgem-cars and bumped their way round the track. Among the notable features of the circus this year are the very-loved

Schumann equestrian acts under Albert and Paulina Schumann, supported by Max Schumann and Douglas Kossmayer. As well as the usual mob of clowns, led by Coco, the programme includes the Francescos, musical clowns making their first visit to Olympia. The Ten Carolis give a display of bareback riding. Fabiola and her pigeons present a "Ballet of the Birds"; and Gosta Kruse presents a masterly act with four young elephants. The circus remains at Olympia until January 30.

FROM PANTOMIMES TO ICE SHOWS:



"ALADDIN" WHICH, WITH MUSIC BY COLE PORTER, IS TO BE SEEN AT THE LONDON COLISEUM; THE PRINCESS (DORETTA MORROW) AND ALADDIN (BOB MONKHOUSE).



"PETER PAN" AT THE SCALA THEATRE: THOSE WATCHING PETER PAN (JULIA LOCKWOOD) ARE: WENDY (PATRICIA GARWOOD), JOHN (JOHN SKINNER, LEFT) AND MICHAEL (PETER CRAZE).



"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE WITH FRANKIE HOWERD AS THE MAD HATTER, BINNIE HALE AS THE DUCHESS AND DELENE SCOTT AS ALICE.



A SCENE FROM "BILLY BUNTER FLIES EAST" AT THE VICTORIA PALACE: THOSE WATCHING BUNTER'S (GERALD CAMPION) SUFFERINGS ARE (L. TO R.) MR. QUELCH (HUGH CROSS), BOB CHERRY (ALASTAIR SPEED), JOHNNY BULL (IAN KEEL), FRANK NUGGETT (ANTHONY REA) AND INKY (PETER BARTLETT).



A SCENE FROM ENID BLYTON'S "NODDY IN TOYLAND" WHICH OPENED AT THE PRINCES ON DECEMBER 23: (L. TO R.) MR. PINKWHISTLE (LESLIE SARONY), NODDY (JONATHAN COLLINS), SILKY (THELMA GRAYSTON) AND BIG EARS (JERRY VERO).



SPINNING ON ICE: A SPECTACULAR ACT CARRIED OUT BY GEORGE AND SARA JO AT THE SHOW "HOLIDAY ON ICE, 1960" AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY. THE ICE SHOW OPENS ON BOXING DAY.



A GRACEFUL LEAP BY SYLVIA GRANDJEAN, OF SWITZERLAND, ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS IN "HOLIDAY ON ICE, 1960." THIS SPECTACULAR SHOW HAS COST £120,000.



FROM "HOLIDAY ON ICE, 1960" AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY: THE SKATING STARS ERICA KRAFT (GERMANY) AND FRANK SAWER (CANADA) REHEARSING FOR THE SHOW.

The excitement of Christmas drives the theatre every year into excelling itself in pantomimes, ice shows, circuses, extravaganzas, the revival of old favourites and the hopeful creation of new ones. Here we show a little of what London is amusing itself with over the present season. Mr. Cole Porter has made his own version of "Aladdin" which appears at the Coliseum in a dazzling production by Robert Helpmann. Bob Monkhouse is Aladdin himself with Ronald Shiner as his revered mother, the Widow Twankey. Enid Blyton's "Noddy in

"Toyland" was to open at the Princes Theatre on December 23. "Alice in Wonderland" is again delighting children of all ages at the Winter Garden, with Frankie Howerd as the Mad Hatter. We also show here three pictures of the spectacular production on ice, "Holiday on Ice, 1960," at the Empire Pool, Wembley. The production has cost £120,000. Peter Pan still shows no signs of getting older in the production at the Scala Theatre and Billy Bunter at the Victoria Palace is getting no thinner.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

A PAIR OF VILLAINS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ALTHOUGH I speak of a pair of villains, only one of them really matters a couple of pieces of eight: Long John Silver, the one-legged sea-cook. I hardly dare to mention Sweeney Todd in the same paragraph because the demon barber of Fleet Street is, for me at least (one has to be candid about these things), a bore. I cannot see why his legend, in another of these curious 'coincidental freaks of fashion, should have appealed within the same autumn to the librettist of a musical play and the choreographer of a ballet. Long John Silver is quite different: he is a character (I can speak only for myself) stamped on my mind since I was seven or eight. Perhaps Blind Pew, in those days, came even before Silver. Many nights, in a clear, calm autumn, I would lie awake, fancying that Pew's stick tapped the gravel below. Stevenson wrote no lines more terrifying than the simple:

I had heard in the silent, frosty air, a sound that brought my heart into my mouth—the tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door, and then we could hear the handle being turned, and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without.

Maybe I should say—and get it over—that it is only in the first scene, at the Admiral Benbow inn, that the Mermaid Theatre's "Treasure Island" disappoints. One does miss that choking atmosphere of terror. The play really begins as soon as we meet Long John Silver at Bristol; and there Bernard Miles at once takes command of his great stage. This is Silver, with the easy authority, and the ingratiating fair-weather manner that occasionally during the night will change to spitting menace. But Silver does not often lose his control. He is a deadly rogue, and a bland one. Bernard Miles knows exactly how to use the man's slippery tongue. Vocally and pictorially (parrot on shoulder), he is Barbecue himself, and he handles his crutch with a nimbleness bred of long experience. Just as Irving used, they say, to sleep in his armour, so I feel that Bernard Miles may have been hopping, a resolute stork, round the confines of the Mermaid.

"Treasure Island," though it has had many hours upon the stage—notably in J. B. Fagan's version—has never come to us in so full and flexible a treatment as this. The adaptors are anonymous (no doubt Mr. Miles was on the committee), and once away from the "Admiral Benbow"—there we lose Mrs. Hawkins, not to our real grief—they have held firmly to the book. All, I imagine, will be ready to forgive, and indeed to cheer, the interpolation of a hurricane, during which I felt that spectators in the front rows would be overwhelmed by the fury of wind and wave. That aside, most things go according to the text. The extraordinary Mermaid stage can meet any demand. Thus the *Hispaniola* puts out from Bristol; she faces the hurricane (a development of the words "We had some heavy weather"); she anchors off Treasure Island; her dinghies are rowed to the shore; Jim commandeers her for the "sea adventure." And on land there is the full

excitement of stockade and blockhouse, each of which is built in a matter of seconds; and though no attempt is made to suggest the appearance and vegetation of the island (the "grey melancholy woods, and wild stone spires"), and to chart its terrain, the huge bare stage does take, in a ready imagination, the form of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, Jim's, and Long John's. The production, by Peter Coe, is a grandly-maneuvred confidence trick, with a number of fights and fusillades thrown in; two and a half hours swoop by faster, I guarantee, than they will in most of the holiday entertainments.

Again we realise the importance of Jim Hawkins (John Hall), and Stevenson's inspiration in creating a boy who never for a moment embarrasses as some of these juvenile adventurers do. The whole wild business is seen through Jim's eyes,

these fights); then, having knifed O'Brien in the back, he is involved presently in a desperate game of tip-and-run with Jim that ends (according to plan) when "with a choked cry, the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds, and plunged . . . into the water." The missing words are "head first"; but I would not ask Mr. Blackwell to try that.

Here, then, we are: a "Treasure Island" as near, I feel, to the hearts of Stevensonians as they are likely to get, and lucky indeed in the performances of Bernard Miles and John Hall. I have only one wistful desire. It would be pleasant for the night to end with the *Hispaniola* again under sail. As it is, the piece slips away on the ebb of Jim's narrative; but I should like very much to have an idea of that departure when "before noon, to our inexpressible joy, the highest rock of *Treasure Island* had sunk into the blue round of the sea." (I have never forgotten the shipboard climax in Russell Thorndike's melodrama of "Doctor Syn.")

Everyone should be glad that the map of *Treasure Island* is in the programme. It must stir the blood of any addict to see the shape of the place, "like a fat dragon standing up," with its land-locked harbours, its hill marked "Ye Spyre glass," the three crosses (even though they are not in red ink), and the words "Bulk of treasure here." Let me report immediately that the "bulk of treasure" is readily accessible at Puddle Dock: it is worth the expedition. What did Squire Trelawney say: "We'll have favourable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot . . . ?"



A SCENE FROM BERNARD MILES'S PRODUCTION OF THE EVER-POPULAR "TREASURE ISLAND," WHICH OPENED FOR A CHRISTMAS SEASON AT THE MERMAID THEATRE ON DECEMBER 14: LONG JOHN SILVER (BERNARD MILES)—BEFORE HIS TRUE CHARACTER IS REVEALED—IN AVUNCULAR CONVERSATION WITH JIM HAWKINS (JOHN HALL).

and seen with a still startling freshness that manages to make characters out of the secondary pirates who might otherwise be so many unidentifiable, snarling toughs. The one character who appears to me to fail is Ben Gunn, not because John Ruddock does not act him with the right piety, and passion for cheese, but because Ben's conversational technique holds up the play just when we want it to be moving fast. Other people rise swiftly from the page: the waffling Squire (Michael Shepley), the shrewd doctor (David Dodimead), John Boxer's downright Captain. The fights are as vigorous as I have met in the theatre for years; and my enthusiasm is warm for Douglas Blackwell. As Israel Hands, he has first a long knife and cutlass duel with another pirate, O'Brien (Patrick Crean, creator of



THE ARRIVAL OF THE STROLLING PLAYERS: THE OPENING SCENE FROM THE COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTION OF "PAGLIACCI," WITH (LEFT TO RIGHT) BEPPE (KENNETH MACDONALD), TONIO (GERAINT EVANS), CANIO (JON VICKERS), AND NEDDA (JOAN CARLYLE), GAILY PARADING WITH THEIR BRIGHTLY-DECORATED CART.

After this, I have to be grumpily tepid about "The Demon Barber" (Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith). The basis is the old melodrama—Sweeney Todd and the pie-woman and the string of pearls, and so on—but the effort to build upon it a comic musical play seems to be misguided, in spite of the zeal of librettist (Donald Cotton), composer (Brian Burke: there are two dozen numbers), and the agreeable "tuppence coloured" toy theatre sets of Disney Jones. The evening drags along like Pope's wounded snake; the pie business is a glum piece of would-be comic macabre; and (again I speak for myself) it was only now and again, usually when James Maxwell was being limply and despairingly heroic—like whey claiming to be liqueur brandy—that I could summon any laughter. As for Todd himself (bravely though the actor worked at him), Silver would merely have said, in disdainful mockery: "You're a pushing lad, to be sure."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "SOOTY'S CHRISTMAS SHOW" (Palace).—Harry Corbett and friends in holiday matinees. (December 19.)
- "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" (Old Vic).—Maggie Smith and Moyra Fraser as the Wives, and Joss Ackland as Falstaff, in a production by John Hale. (December 22.)
- "NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Princes).—Another familiar visitor; matinees. (December 22.)
- "ONE WAY PENDULUM" (Royal Court).—A play by N. F. Simpson, described as "An Evening of High Drung and Slarrit." (December 22.)
- "HUMPTY DUMPTY" (Palladium).—Harry Secombe and Alfred Marks in pantomime. (December 23.)
- "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" (Arts).—Nicholas Stuart Gray's fantasy. (December 23.)
- "THE ENCHANTED FOREST" (Birmingham Repertory).—A holiday play by the late Anthony Woodhall; directed by Bernard Hepton. (December 23.)



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A UTILITY JET AIRCRAFT OF THE FUTURE WHICH COULD BE PART OF AN IMPORTANT BRITISH RESEARCH PROJECT.

The jet-sustained wingless vehicle, using vertical take-off, which is shown in the drawing above, was one of a number of suggested future aircraft mentioned by Dr. S. G. Hooker, of Bristol Siddeley Engines Ltd., in his James Clayton lecture which he delivered at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, London, on December 16. Dr. Hooker issued a warning that Government support would be needed if the British aircraft industry was to be sustained and its exports

kept up. Outlining the possibilities for vertical take-off aircraft, he said that engines used for these purposes had several highly practical advantages—both in slow transport vehicles and in much faster types of aircraft. The one illustrated on this page is an example of the former. It would have a lifting capacity almost the same as the largest helicopters flying to-day, and a speed twice as great. The faster type would employ tiny wings.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA

SUPERB IN ITS WAY.

By ALAN DENT.

THE re-making of "Ben-Hur" is everything—absolutely everything—that it calls itself. It is sumptuous, superb, sublime. It is very long, but never a bore. It is, moreover, reverent to a degree unprecedented in anything that ever emanated from Hollywood. As if aware of the danger, it made itself in Italy, if not in the Holy Land itself. Though General Lew Wallace's novel calls itself, as a sub-title, "A Tale of the Christ," it is not really about the origin of Christianity at all. Neither is the film; it is the adventurous history of Ben-Hur, the Judean, which happened to coincide in time with that greatest of all stories which is used as a frame and (at a much greater distance) as a background. "Ben-Hur," it is true, begins with the Nativity and ends with the Crucifixion. But it is, in essence, a secular story despite its holy frame. Its merit—almost one might say its uniqueness—is that it successfully shuns the worst excesses of "religiosity," a crying fault not altogether avoided in the famous Polish novel (duly filmed) called "Quo Vadis," and by no means avoided in such masterpieces of religiosity as "The Sign of the Cross" (primarily a stage-play) and "The Ten Commandments" (a film from the start).

Let it be repeated and insisted that the new film-epic "Ben-Hur" is colossal, breathtaking, moving, exciting, horrifying (in the leper-colony scenes perhaps almost too horrifying), truly memorable and undeniably magnificent—and worth every penny of the four or five millions of pounds it cost (they don't seem able to decide whether four or five—and perhaps it doesn't matter a hoot!).

Maybe I should at once apologise for a certain lack of awe that has suddenly come over my list of panegyrical epithets and made it topple and

sky over Bethlehem, the shepherds in the fields, the stable at the inn, the birth of the Holy Child, the adoration of the Magi—is done with a decent silence broken only by the mooing of the cattle penned up

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



CHARLTON HESTON, WHO PLAYS THE TITLE-PART IN "BEN-HUR" (M.-G.-M.).

Alan Dent writes: "Within twelve months this sincere and handsome young actor, Charlton Heston, has scored a brilliant double with Moses in 'The Ten Commandments' and with the title-role in the latest and most elaborate of all the versions of 'Ben-Hur.' Sincerity, in fact, has been the keynote of this young actor, and it is the keynote of all he does. The new 'Ben-Hur' (directed by William Wyler) is an M.-G.-M. production and began its career at the Empire Theatre on December 16."

in the stable. But the simplicity is—just that shade that matters—too elaborate and contrived. The whole opening sequence is simply not worth one square centimetre of any of the great canvases on the subject by Gerard David, or Piero della Francesca, not to mention Rembrandt. It is not worth a single stanza of the great Nativity Ode that Milton wrote in his youth, or a single line of so short and deep a poem as "The Oxen" which Thomas Hardy penned in his old age. As for the closing sequence, which shows us the Crucifixion—here I feel my expostulation swelling into protest, and I cannot suppress the conviction that this wondrous matter is really much better left to the Gospels, to the Old Masters, and to Bach.

flock to "Ben-Hur" that this vast stretch of it could not conceivably be better done. Stephen Boyd, who plays the Roman, Messala—a man who puts loyal principles well in front of mere friendship—could not be more impressive and is, in fact, almost as excellent as Charlton Heston, the Judean who was once Messala's friend. It is, all the same, the beautifully sensitive Mr. Heston's film. Jack Hawkins as another mighty Roman never puts a foot or a jut of the chin wrong. George Relph would obviously be witty if he had a single witty line as the dilapidated Emperor Tiberius. Hugh Griffith's very Welsh Sheik of Araby is an unholy joy. Christopher Fry's dialogue is unusually and remarkably literate. And William Wyler's direction is superlative. His battle at sea seems an unsurpassable spectacle, until along comes his chariot-race.

But once in a generation is quite often enough to see "Ben-Hur," whereas I have been to see the Belgian-sponsored animal film, "Lords of the Forest," twice in a single week. Whether this one is a work of art or not is a question which hardly arises. It is certainly a work of astonishing patience and unimaginable skill. It is an intimate study of wild life—fauna, flora, and human—in the wildest jungle and savannah of a remote part of the eastern Congo. I am in the hottest disagreement with those colleagues of mine who say that the commentary—spoken by Orson Welles and William Warfield—is "pretentious, over-written, pseudo-poetical." It may be one or other of these things here and there. But it is, for the far greater part, vivid and dignified and an immense and surely-to-be-welcomed change from the usual ghastly facetiousness into which such commentaries almost invariably lapse right from the start.

Where I would quarrel with the film's makers—though only very mildly and tentatively—is with their contention that the native village-maidens are consciously imitating certain cranes and other birds in their ritual dances. We see the birds at their mating dances also. But I would be just as willing to believe that the birds are imitating the girls as vice versa! This trifles



FROM "LORDS OF THE FOREST," THE OUTSTANDING 20TH-CENTURY-FOX FILM OF LIFE IN THE WILDEST JUNGLE OF THE EASTERN CONGO: YOUNG GIRLS PERFORMING THE DANCE OF THE CROWNED CRANES, IN WHICH THEY RITUALISTICALLY IMITATE THE BIRDS' COURTSHIP DANCE. (RIALTO CINEMA.)

nearly collapse. But the truth will out! And this seems to me to be the truth, and therefore to need no apology: "Ben-Hur" is all things and everything that can be claimed for it—*excepting a work of art*. This, incidentally, is about the only thing its publicity-army forgot to mention among the film's staggering list of attributes, doubtless on the naive assumption that it was almost bound to be *that* in the first place. It was not, and it is not.

For example, the five-minute prologue which shows us the Nativity—the night



FROM THE SPECTACULAR BELGIAN-SPONSORED FILM, "LORDS OF THE FOREST": A GIANT DEAD PANGOLIN, ONE OF THE MORE PRIMITIVE MAMMALS, AND HELD IN GREAT REVERENCE BY THE NATIVES OF THE CONGO.

The death of a pangolin in a trap is regarded as a calamity, the evil effects of which can only be averted by a ritual assembly of tribal chiefs.

Eagerly and with relief let me turn to the middle of the film—the whole three-hour core of it—and agree with the millions of people who will

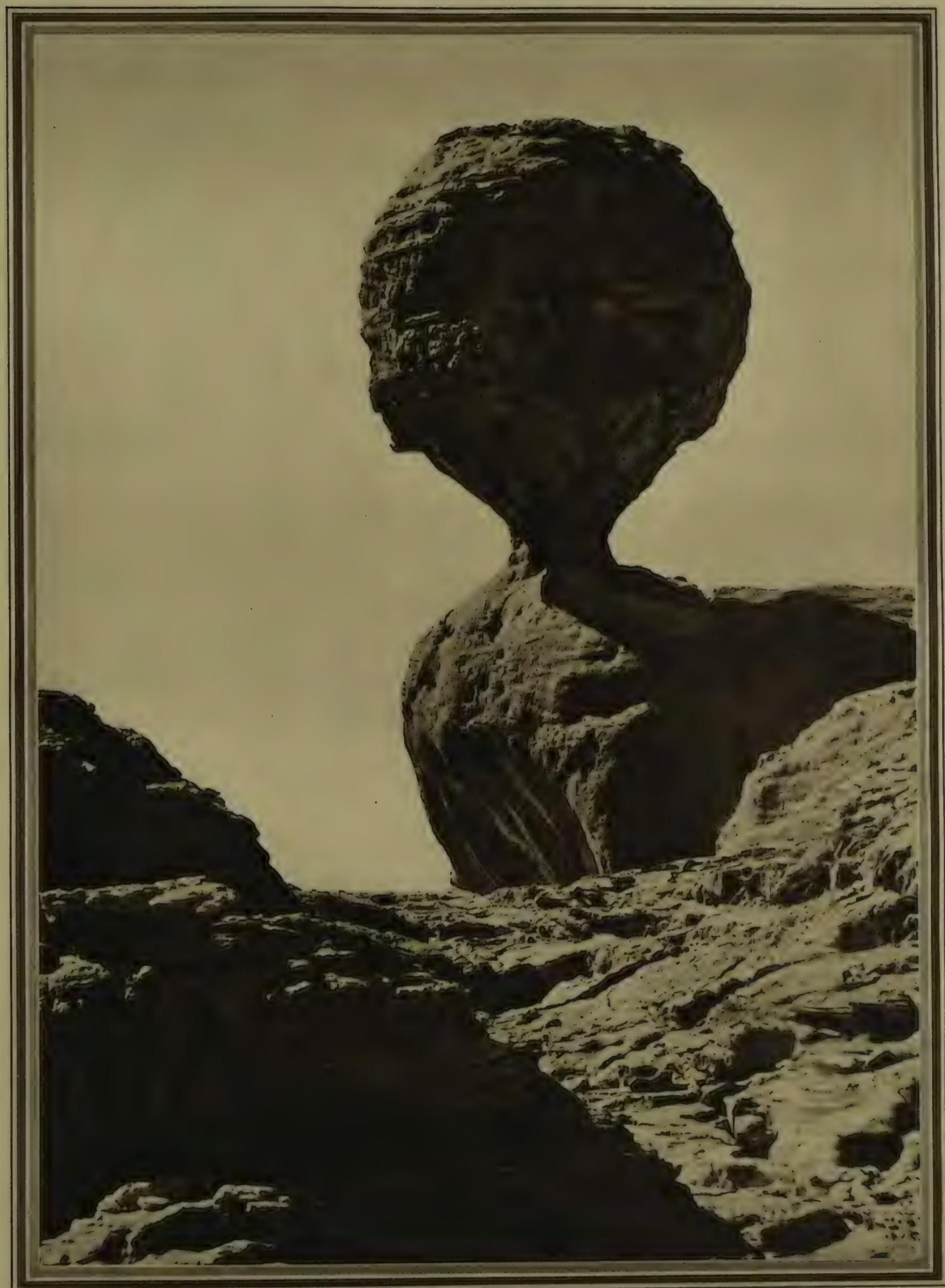
OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE FIVE PENNIES" (Paramount; Generally Released: December 21).—The one and only Danny Kaye as several of his many selves and in his most ebullient form all the time.

"IT STARTED WITH A KISS" (M.G.M.; Generally Released: December 14).—Two rather nice young people, Glenn Ford and Debbie Reynolds, hug one another throughout this rather tawdry romance.

apart, the whole film—directed by Heinz Sielmann and Henry Brandt—seems to me a wonderful *mélange* of colour and savagery, of a Nature far redder in tooth and claw than Tennyson ever really had in mind, and with awe-inspiring glimpses of the inside of a volcano just for good measure. It makes us think nobly of the lion, alarmingly of the gorilla, uncondescendingly of the human pygmy. "Lords of the Forest" is, in short, a superb thing—and, this time, superb without any reservations as to artistry or taste.

UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 20: NATURE AS MODERNIST SCULPTOR.



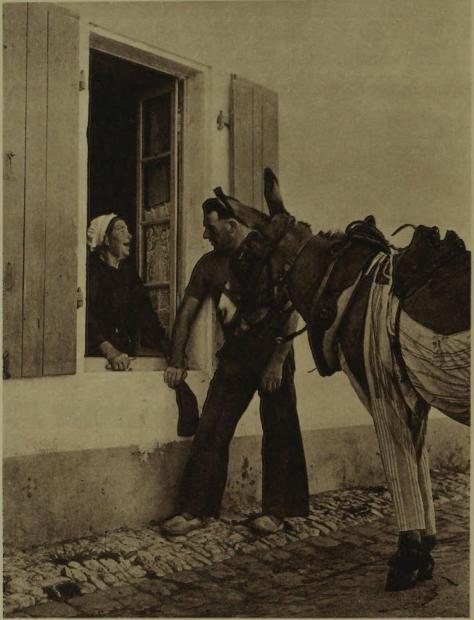
A STRANGE HEAD SCULPTURED FROM ROCK BY THE WIND IN THE SAHARA DESERT.

This is one of the stranger sights in the strange world of French Equatorial Africa. It is a magnificent example of wind-sculptured rock. The weird round head reminds one of H. G. Wells' Selenites in "The First Men in the Moon," and, indeed, the whole landscape is much more lunar than sub-lunar. Over centuries the wind has been working away at the

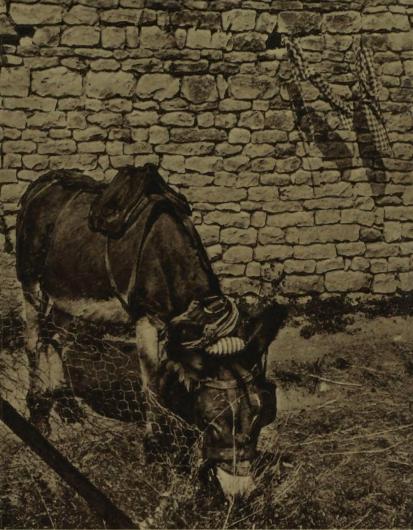
softer parts of the rock and with the help of the extremes of heat and cold in the desert, this shape has been slowly formed. Tibesti, where it stands, is a mountainous desert that stands 13,300 ft. above sea-level. It is formed into innumerable cliffs and gorges all adorned with rock shapes similar to this. Tibesti towers above the Libyan desert near Fezzan.

Photograph by Emil Schulthess from his book "Africa," published by Collins at 6 guineas.

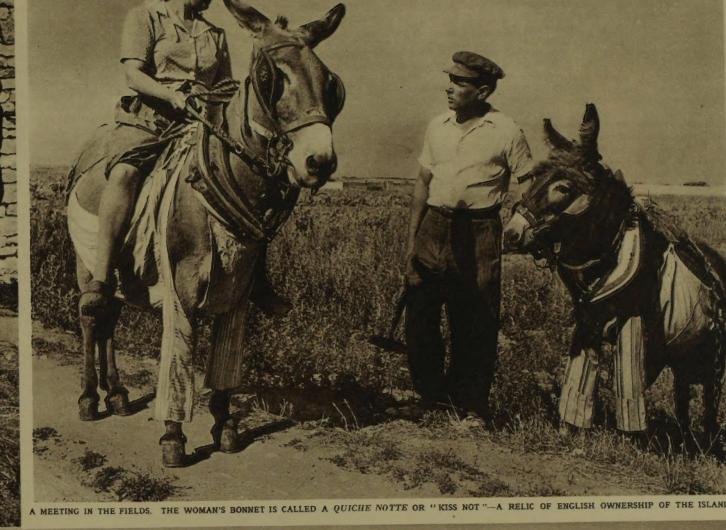
WHERE DONKEYS WEAR THE TROUSERS: A STRANGE TRADITION IN THE ILE DE RE.



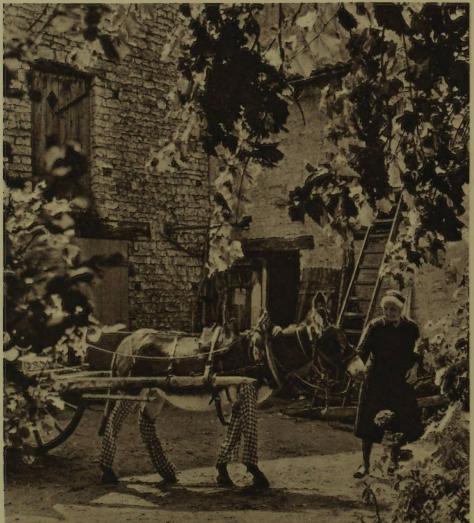
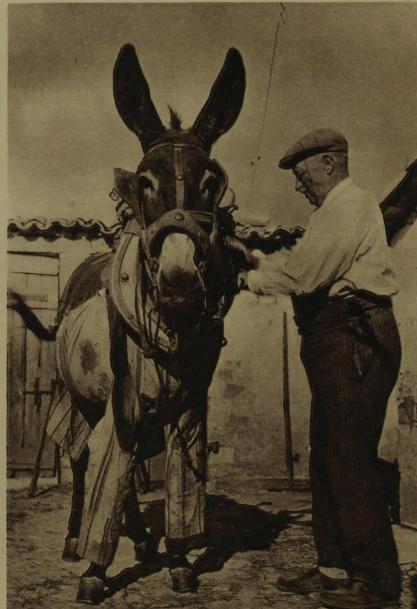
A STRANGE TRADITION PERSISTING IN THE ILE DE RE: A DONKEY WEARING TROUSERS ORIGINALLY INTENDED TO AFFORD PROTECTION AGAINST INSECT BITES.



WHILE HIS TROUSERS ARE HUNG OUT TO DRY BY HIS MISTRESS, THE DONKEY GENTLY GRAZES. THE ILE DE RE IS A FLAT, SANDY ISLAND NOT FAR FROM LA ROCHELLE.



A MEETING IN THE FIELDS. THE WOMAN'S BONNET IS CALLED A QUICHE NOTTE OR "KISS NOT"—A RELIC OF ENGLISH OWNERSHIP OF THE ISLAND.

RESPECTABLY DRESSED IN HANDSOME CHECK TROUSERS: THE DONKEY BEING LED OFF TO WORK.
THE DENSELY POPULATED ILE DE RE IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS CLOSE CULTIVATION.

HAVING THE FINISHING TOUCHES PUT TO HIS UNUSUALLY GRAND COSTUME: A VERY PROUD DONKEY ENJOYING THE CARE OF A DEVOTED MASTER.

This strange tradition of giving donkeys trousers is still maintained in the Ile de Ré, an island in the Bay of Biscay and far from La Rochelle. The donkeys were originally dressed in this manner to protect them from plagues of insects which infested the island. Now, although the danger of the insects may not be so great, the trousers are still put on the donkeys before they are taken out to work. The Ile de Ré is a flat, sandy island with a population

of over 6000; it is remarkable for its dense cultivation. The donkeys work in its small vineyards and vegetable gardens. A relic of the English possession of the island in the Middle Ages is a bonnet known as a *Quiche Nette*, or "Kiss Not," which can be seen above, right. The chief town, St. Martin-de-Ré, has fortifications by Vauban and its church holds the tomb of Mme. de Sévigné's father. The donkeys also keep their contact with past history.



A DONKEY HAVING CLEAN LEGGINGS PUT ON—ANOTHER VIEW OF THIS CUSTOM THAT SURVIVES ON THE ISLAND. THE ILE DE RE RETAINS MANY INTERESTING TRADITIONS AND REMAINS OF ITS PAST OF WHICH TROUSERED DONKEYS ARE ONE. IT WAS A POSSESSION OF THIS COUNTRY FOR TWO LONG PERIODS DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

"A NOTHER book by a retired diplomatist. Why write one?" asks Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick in the introduction to his *THE INNER CIRCLE*. Indeed, I was ingenuous enough to ask myself the same question. Ingenuous, because I should have known Sir Ivone—whom I first knew in Berlin in the 'thirties—better than that. He explains his title with that dry wit so typical of the man whom Hitler could neither deceive nor ruffle: "The Foreign Service was likened to the London Underground Railway and it was said that once a man was launched on the Inner Circle (London, Paris, Berlin, Rome) it was impossible to leave the track." This has, of course, been true of Sir Ivone's career in the Foreign Office, until he became Permanent Under-Secretary, but Europe and the world have certainly been the gainers. And there is every reason why the man who knew Mussolini during his younger and less unattractive days, who knew the Nazi leaders from the Roehm purge onwards, who was present at both the Godesberg and the Munich conversations, who took statements from Hess after his mad flight to Scotland, and who returned to Germany as High Commissioner in 1950, should write a work which cannot, for all its discretion, fail to show the making of history in a manner which will absorb the least historically-minded.

I say "for all its discretion," but there are only a few passages in which I found Sir Ivone's discretion disappointing. He has practically nothing, for instance, to say about the Suez adventure—unless you can count a really devastating set of exchanges between himself and an anonymous authority on international law, which makes a proper monkey out of the Charter of the United Nations! And he is very, very discreet indeed about the rôle played by his chief, Sir Nevile Henderson, at our Embassy in Berlin from 1937 onwards. But Sir Ivone writes as he speaks—rather like a Red Queen saying to a flustered Alice (his reader or audience): "A poor sort of country. Now in *our* country, it takes all the running *you* can do to stay in the same place!" (That is the only context, let me hasten to add, in which Sir Ivone could possibly be described as "red"!).

I was particularly interested by his view of the importance of the Foreign Service to-day, and of the difficulties to be faced by its more senior members. He describes the task of British diplomats as "more complex and more difficult":

It is sometimes said that improvement in communications and the peripatetic habits of Foreign Secretaries have reduced Ambassadors to the status of messenger boys. I do not believe this to be entirely true. An Ambassador of character and real ability can still make a notable impact, and an incompetent man can still do considerable damage.

Even more important, perhaps, is his judgment that "we are living in a harsh world and can only survive if we brutally tell the public the ugly facts of life. . . . This means to say that the modern Foreign Office must not only devise and execute the right foreign policy, but must also make this policy comprehensible and acceptable to the electorate." How entirely right, as anyone who has seen these matters at fairly close quarters—even from the wings—knows! Finally, Sir Ivone's book contains an incomparably good portrait of the late Mr. Ernest Bevin, as Foreign Secretary.

Sentimentality will not do for Sir Ivone, but it does, and does splendidly, for John Steinbeck. Could anything, I asked myself as I picked up his *ONCE THERE WAS A WAR*, be more dreary than another book about the last war—and that a reprint of the author's dispatches as war correspondent? I deceived myself. If there were sackcloth, I would wear it, or ashes (apart from anthracite clinker in my all-electric house), I would distribute them liberally on my head. This is one of those books which baffle description. I will only say that, reading it alone, with no one to whom to quote the best passages, I found myself at one moment laughing aloud; at another moment, the tears were pouring down my reluctant cheeks. Mr. Steinbeck knows a good deal about war, but he knows much more about human beings. Here is a book as well worth buying as it has been worth publishing.

These two books seem to me to be this week's plums. Next to them, I enjoyed the first volume of Stephen Potter's autobiography, *STEPS TO IMMATURITY*. This is pleasantly free from "lifemanship"—not that I do not appreciate Mr. Potter's nice gimmick, but the humour in the book, of which there is a good deal, is entirely free from gimmicks of any kind. Here, for once, is a thoroughly nice story of a thoroughly nice boy growing up in a thoroughly nice family. I can

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

hardly explain what a relief this is from the grim, the gloomy and the sordid! Moreover, Mr. Potter can remember his childhood as childhood, and that is a rare and altogether delightful quality.

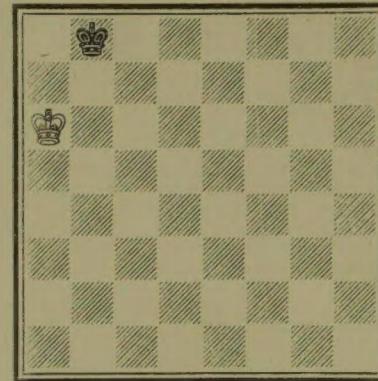
Mr. Nicolas Bentley describes his *A CHOICE OF ORNAMENTS* as "a form of literary hop-scotch." It is just that, being a collection of favourite quotations from literature, grouped under such headings as "early years," "the companionship of sound," "love" (inevitably), and "*tableaux vivants*," interspersed with the author's own

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THOUGH composed by a Dane, J. Jesperson, half-a-century ago, this problem is little known and offers great scope for leg-pulling among chess-playing friends at a Christmas gathering. Set up this position and announce: "White to play and mate in half a move":

Black.



White.

Half a move ??

Well, you solve the problem for them by placing a white queen on Q8.

A move consists of two halves, you explain: lifting a piece from one square and placing it on another. White here had carried out the first half of the operation and the answer to the problem consists in carrying out the other.

When the noise has died down, you set up the original position again and pose a new problem: *White to play and mate in one-third of a move*.

And, in due course, if permitted, you ask your friends to mate Black from this situation in (b) one-quarter of a move, and (c) one-fifth.

In each case, the solution consists in placing a white queen at Q8. (There is considerable scope for mock solemnity here, if you have the gifts for the occasion.) White, you duly explain in turn, has already completed the first two-thirds of $Q \times Q(Q8)$, of $P(Q7)-Q8$ becoming a queen, or $P(K7) \times R(Q8)$

For obviously a capture consists of three operations (picking up your piece, picking up your opponent's, putting down your piece on his square); a promotion of four operations (work them out!) and a promotion, with capture, of five . . . well, more or less.

It is as well to have a line of retreat available in case of need.

comments. It is, I suppose, a bedside book, and it should suit many other bedsides than Mr. Bentley's own, highly personal though it may be. One need not agree with him. I myself—in the thirty years I have known him—have never subscribed to his cheerful and delightful contempt for political life, but is agreement necessary for a bedside book? It depends how urgently you want to go to sleep.

There have been, according to the reckoning of Mr. L. G. Pine, that great expert on Royalty and nobility, some twenty-one Princes of Wales since Edward I presented his infant son to the Welsh people at Caernarvon. His book, *PRINCES OF WALES*, is full of interesting comment, and he never loses sight of his main theme, which is the rights, duties and status of the Princes since the year 1284. (But I cannot conceive how he brought himself to write: "The Hanoverian dynasty is

perhaps the most interesting royal line in our history with the exception of the house of Tudor. . . .") Eh? Mr. Pine, eh?

Whisky has, as I concede, its charms, though I do not know why Mr. Ross Wilson has entitled his book on the subject *SCOTCH MADE EASY*. It is a kind of literary history of this beguiling liquor, and has merit of a kind. But Mr. Wilson does not make Scotch easy; on the contrary, he makes it difficult—with a mystique which I myself would prefer to accord to the finest wines.

I am not happy about the week's batch of novels. Why should Robert Penn Warren, who has had an excellent idea for the plot of *THE CAVE*, take 376 pages of tedious hillbilly verbiage to work it out? An American "caver" gets trapped, and his chip-on-the-shoulder partner exploits his predicament (if there is a predicament?; we are never certain about this until almost the end) on TV. There is far too much flashing backwards and forwards in time, and over too many over-complicated consciences.

Mr. Robert Hardy's *A WINTER'S TALE* chilled me to the bone. A man kills his unfaithful wife and takes up with a failure of a ballet dancer—and do they all talk? This dreary flood of conversation swamps an incident and a portrait or two which shows what Mr. Hardy really could do if he tried.

An American playwright, his sick wife, his devoted male camp-follower (if that is the right word?), and an English country parsonage secretary—two secretaries, if you count the one who tried to commit suicide in the first chapter—what does all this add up to? Certainly not to the blurb-writer's effusion: "Here the art of the novelist is to be seen in its most accomplished modern form." There is nothing either rich or strange about *THE SEA CHANGE*, by Elizabeth Jane Howard.

Disappointing, again, are the latest books by two famous and well-established writers. M. Simenon tells us that his chief-inspector Maigret is within two years of retirement. Will two years be soon enough? I thought that the plot of *MAIGRET AND THE RELUCTANT WITNESSES* was the thinnest yet. Even the atmosphere of old crones in the sordid collapse of wealth and splendour failed to come off. Miss Heyer goes back to Regency days in *THE UNKNOWN AJAX*. It is readable, as all her books are, but it is not nearly up to the standard of her "Devil's Cub" or "The Reluctant Widow." Do buy these, if you can get hold of them. Miss Heyer will, I hope, forgive me if I remind her that Prinny himself started life as an exquisite and ended somewhat shapeless and diffuse.

Not wanting to end on a note of querulous pessimism, I have kept to the last *CHURCHILL: THE WALK WITH DESTINY*, compiled by H. Tatlock Miller and Loudon Sainthill. This superb collection of photographs and colour pictures illustrating the life of Sir Winston makes its timely appearance to coincide with his eighty-fifth birthday. It is no "cynical asperity" to suggest that this form of pictorial biography challenges, on a high level, the technique of the strip cartoon. If the thing must be done, let it be well done—and nothing, I believe, has been done better than this.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

THE INNER CIRCLE, by Ivone Kirkpatrick. (Macmillan; 25s.)

ONCE THERE WAS A WAR, by John Steinbeck. (Heinemann; 16s.)

STEPS TO IMMATURITY, by Stephen Potter. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 25s.)

A CHOICE OF ORNAMENTS, by Nicolas Bentley. (Deutsch; 25s.)

PRINCES OF WALES, by L. G. Pine. (Jenkins; 21s.)

SCOTCH MADE EASY, by Ross Wilson. (Hutchinson; 25s.)

THE CAVE, by Robert Penn Warren. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.)

A WINTER'S TALE, by Robert Hardy. (Chatto and Windus; 16s.)

THE SEA CHANGE, by Elizabeth Jane Howard. (Cape; 18s.)

MAIGRET AND THE RELUCTANT WITNESSES, by Simenon. (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.)

THE UNKNOWN AJAX, by Georgette Heyer. (Heinemann; 16s.)

CHURCHILL: THE WALK WITH DESTINY, by H. Tatlock Miller and Loudon Sainthill. (Hutchinson; 45s.)

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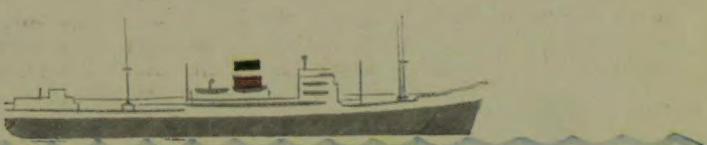
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